BIG LEAGUE STUFF – BEGINNING A SERIES OF FINAL REVELATIONS BY JOHN J. McGRAW

APRIL 28, 1934

Liberty

5¢

Printed in Canada

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. . . watch *your* step

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?
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So why not try eating it regularly for awhile—for the enjoyment you'll get as well as the good it may do?

All grocers have Post's Bran Flakes. Why not get some today—it costs so little! Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods. Made in Canada.

APRIL 28, 1934

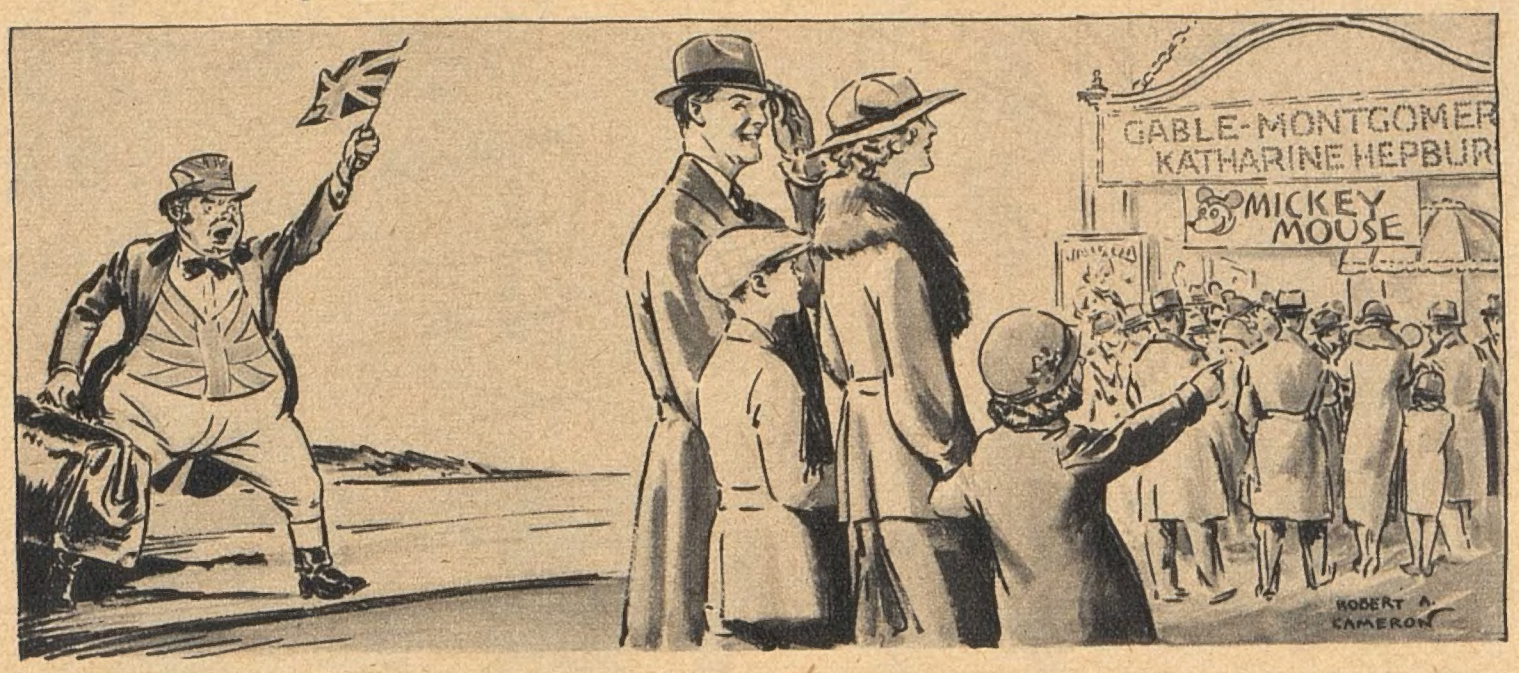
Liberty

VOL. 11, NO. 17

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

ROUND TWO—HOLLYWOOD VERSUS ELSTREE



ELSTREE and Hollywood still battle it out for the fickle favors of Canada's cinema audiences.

The earlier stages of the fray were not without their amusing high lights. Elstree originally launched a flank attack of intense patriotism, dusted off a batch of mediocre films, shipped them over, and waited for virtue to be justly rewarded. Hollywood countered with a heavy barrage of new superlatives announcing its releases, then deluged this hapless country with a tidal wave of gangster films.

But Elstree soon learned that flag-waving added no luster to mediocrity nor redeemed the soporific quality of its product.

Hollywood fared no better. Its newly coined superlatives were bandied about with annoying frequency. Ultimately Canadian audiences wearied of several productions a month of widely varying quality, each hopefully labeled "*The* picture of the century." The phenomenal rise of Mickey Mouse to the pinnacle of Canadian popularity doubtless results from our frantic urge to seek the only escape Hollywood offered from the incessant superlative.

The second stages of the battle indicate that both factions have profited by the tactical blunders of the past. Both were in error by underestimating the discriminating tastes of Canadian audiences.

Elstree has stretched a long arm around the globe to pluck the best available talent for the international job ahead. Film stars from Hollywood, Paris, Berlin, and native London have been recruited. Technical and musical directors from Germany and Russia, film cutters from France and Italy have added zest and unique effects to the current productions.

Hollywood has combated Canada's growing preference for British films by giving us more quality and less ballyhoo. The United States film is by long odds ahead of the British runner-up. This is chiefly because of the fact that Hollywood maintains a consistently higher quality throughout its general run of releases than does Elstree. The British producer has given Canada some grand pictures this year, but the rank and file of his releases lack the subtlety of direction and superior casts characterizing those of his Hollywood contemporaries.

But Elstree's chief handicap in Canada is due to the barren personal backgrounds of its stars. Canada is still a young country, intensely interested in personalities. Elstree must devise some means of developing "fan followings" for its stars before it seriously competes with Hollywood for leadership. The California colony can weather heavy onslaughts from its English cousins, being well aware that many a second-rate film can be transformed into a box-office success through the magic of a single name in the stellar rôle.

It is more than a battle between Elstree and Hollywood. It is the warring of two national psychologies. In England "the play's the thing." In Canada the star is almost everything.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6

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THERE seems to be a rather general belief that scrupulous cleaning of the teeth can and will save them from pyorrhea. The truth is that pyorrhea is a *gum* disease. It is no respecter of clean teeth. And it is responsible for half the adult teeth which are lost. The cleanest teeth and the most sound-looking teeth are lost on account of pyorrhea.

The trouble with this gum disease is that you cannot, yourself, detect it in the early stages. You *can* rely on your dentist to recognize the condition, and it is advisable to see him at least twice a year. Dentists today are always alert for signs of pyorrhea. They know that it works secretly, sometimes for years. Four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhea. No wonder your dentist wants to see you regularly and examine your *gums* as well as your teeth!

The specialist best known in connection with pyorrhea is Dr. R. J. Forhan, who devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Your own dentist probably uses Dr. Forhan's special pyorrhea treatment. This is a formula that is obtainable only by members of the dental profession and thousands of them throughout the country use it in their daily work at the chair. However, you can obtain Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment. This is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste,* and you can get it at any drug store in the country.

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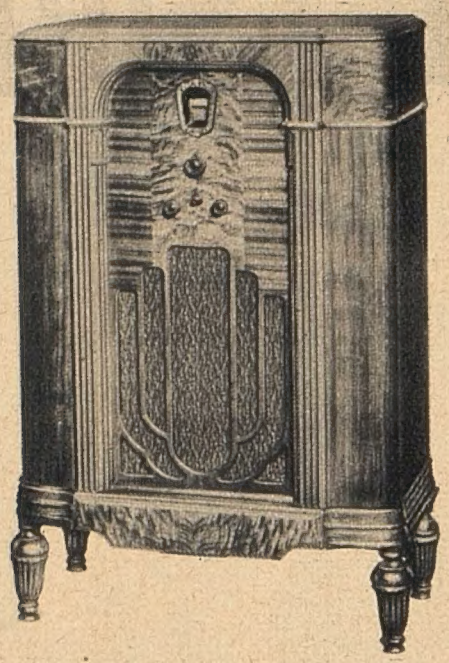

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CONTENTS

Editorial 4

Big League Stuff ..... JOHN J. McGRAW 7
A series of final revelations by the former manager of the New York Giants, written shortly before he died

The She-Devil—*Part II* ..... RUPERT HUGHES 12

Jesse Lasky Tells the Facts About Hollywood Salaries
RUTH CUMMINGS 20
The stars come high, he says, but they're worth it

Down in the Donjon-Keep—*A story* .. THOMAS TOPHAM 22

The Road Hog ..... T. A. BURKE 26

Twenty Questions 28

To the Ladies! ..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 29

With the Green Guard—The Fight for the Forests
BATTELL LOOMIS 30
Being a tenderfoot's further impressions of life in the CCC camps

Making Ol' Man River Behave ..... MEIGS O. FROST 32
The dramatic story of an army man's battle for safety behind the Mississippi levees

Good Books ..... OLIVER SWIFT 37

Cross Word Puzzle 38

Sin, Song, and Sentiment—*Movie reviews*
BEVERLY HILLS 39

Fisherman's Luck—*A story* ..... W. A. S. DOUGLAS 42

The Private Life of Rudy Vallee—*Conclusion*
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 46

Ten Minutes for Lunch—*A short short story*
LLOYD MORRIS 50

Every Other Inch a Gentleman—*Part VI* 53

Vox Pop 60

$3,000 Game of States Contest 62

Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

CAN THE U. S. DEPEND ON ITS FLEET?

By

Admiral Henry A. Wiley, Retired

Former Commander-in-Chief of the United States battle fleet

Not now, says this fighting veteran—Will plans and building programs be carried through to give the defense needed?

DEATH WALKS IN HIS SLEEP

A mystery story

By

Edward Hope

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES BY **JOHN J. McGRAW, RUPERT HUGHES, ADDISON SIMMONS, FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER,** AND OTHERS

• B E G I N N I N G •

BIG LEAGUE STUFF

A Series of Final Revelations by

JOHN J. McGRAW

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS, 1902-1932

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: These articles, completed shortly before Mr. McGraw's fatal illness, are his last words to the public on baseball—and his first outspoken discussion of those things in his career which used to make him something of a storm center. As will be seen, in retirement he felt free to drop the showman's mask and be utterly frank.

"Master-minding" his ball club ten seasons ago, as the Giants practiced for the World's Series of 1923.

PART ONE
THE REAL REASON WHY I RETIRED

I HAVE been stoned out of more towns and assaulted by more wild-eyed baseball fans than I could count—but now that I am no longer personally directing the New York Giants on the playing field I want to make an honest confession.

I have no quarrel with the fans that threw the rocks and pop bottles, and never had. It was all pure showmanship, deliberately planned. The home-town fans were the "extras" filling in for the mob scene. They played their part well — sometimes too well.

I recall one Saturday afternoon in Philadelphia when my whole ball club was chased by a mob from the Phillies' ball park up Lehigh Avenue all the way to North Philadelphia station, where a cordon of cops had to be thrown around the depot. I had sent Moose McCormick up to bat with instructions to stop the game and object to the fans in the center-field bleachers waving newspapers, which we claimed interfered with the batter's vision, and the umpire had forfeited the game to us when the fans had refused to desist. We were to come back on Monday to resume the series, and I kept the home fans stirred up by issuing statements to the Philadelphia newspapers demanding police protection for my players —with the result that we packed the ball park on a day of the week when ordinarily we would have played to a slim crowd.

Before my team opened a series in Cincinnati I used to send telegrams ahead demanding police protection, knowing this would incite the home fans. We'd get front-page publicity in all the Cincinnati papers and play to capacity crowds, while it had a similar effect on the players and they'd play those games as though winning them was the only thing in the world that mattered.

Chicago and Pittsburgh were two other cities in which I managed to stir up hotbeds of strife, so that our games against the Cubs and Pirates got to be bitter feuds. Rowdyism? Perhaps —but it was a deliberately staged rowdyism according to my conception of the way to keep the public interested. And it made a lot of money for the Giants. If my actions need any alibi, that's it.

Besides, I had been brought up in a fighting baseball school. A school that had for its creed the earnest conviction that a ball game—any ball game—was something to

fight for. Perhaps baseball today could use a little more of that spirit to its own profit.

Tim Hurst, the old umpire, used to like to relate an incident that happened in a game he umpired in Baltimore when I was a player with the old Orioles.

There was a runner on first and he started to steal second. As he left the bag he spiked Dan Brouthers, our first baseman, on the foot. Brouthers retaliated by trying to trip him. He got away, but when he got down to second, Heinie Reitz tried to block him off while Hughey Jennings covered the bag to take the throw and tag him out. The runner managed to evade Reitz and jumped at Jennings feet first in an attempt to drive him away from the bag. Jennings dodged the flying spikes and threw himself bodily at the runner, knocking the breath out of him. In the meantime the batter hit Wilbert Robinson, our catcher, over the hands with his bat so he couldn't throw, and "Robbie" tramped on Tim Hurst's feet with his spikes and shoved his big mitt into the umpire's face so he couldn't see the play.

But the funniest part of it all was the decision Tim Hurst made—he punched Robinson in the ribs, called it a foul ball, and sent the runner back to first base.

On that old Baltimore club we used to keep a row of files hanging on the wall back of a bench just outside the visiting players' dressing rooms, and as the visiting team came out to start its practice we'd be sitting there sharpening up our spikes.

"You'd better get out of our way today," we'd yell at them, "if you don't want to get your legs cut off!"

It was all done for its psychological effect, but to make it good we'd go tearing into a bag with flying spikes as though with murderous intent. We were a cocky, swashbuckling crew and we wanted everybody to know it—and as a result we won a lot of our games before the first ball was ever pitched. Baseball has never seen another team that was fired with the same unquenchable spirit that flared within that old Baltimore bunch.

WHILE playing third base for the Orioles I evolved the little trick of hooking my hand inside the belt of a base runner on third when a fly was hit to the outfield. In this way I could jerk him back just as the catch was made and prevent him from getting a quick start for the plate in an attempt to score after the catch. A lot of them were thrown out due to the time they thus lost in getting away from third. As there was only one umpire in those days and he had to watch the play in the outfield, it was an easy matter to get away with the trick.

One day Pete Browning, the old Pittsburgh outfielder, was on third when the batter hit a fly to the outfield. Pete came back and stood with one foot on the bag. I hooked my hand inside his belt. As soon as the catch was made Pete broke for the plate—and left me standing there with his belt dangling from my hand. He had circumvented my little scheme by unbuckling his belt in front.

It was that "win by any means" spirit that I brought with me out of a rough school when I assumed charge of the New York Giants as manager on July 7, 1902. It would all be considered unethical today; but please remember that it was a part of the game in those days—and it won ten pennants and three world's championships for the Giants and made them one of the biggest money-making ball clubs in the game over a long period of years.

But a change came over baseball—and behind that change lies the *real* reason of my retirement as manager of the Giants. I am going to tell that story here for the first time.

The impression that I was forced to resign as manager seems to still persist, but there were reasons why I was no longer of any value to a ball club for which I had won ten pennants and three world's championship titles.

To understand those reasons fully it is necessary to go back to the years in which I had dominated the action of my players on the field probably more than any other manager in baseball history has done. Those were the years when individual prowess was less important than team strategy.

● Willie Keeler as a Yank and (above) back in 1894 with the old Orioles, when McGraw and Keeler invented the hit-and-run play.

During those years I had built my success and the success of the Giants on team strategy and aggressiveness, often with indifferent material. I had accomplished this by personally directing every play that would occur in a ball game, even to the extent of signaling which ball a player was to hit and where he was to hit it, how the pitcher was to pitch to each batter, where my players were to play for each opposing hitter, when a base runner was to steal, etc. No play was permitted until I had personally directed it, and players had to obey my instructions or get off the ball club.

But several years ago, when the lively ball and the " power house " form of attack began to sweep the fans out of their seats, I began to sense the fact that the type of ball game I had helped to originate was becoming obsolete. The stolen base, the sacrifice bunt, the squeeze play, and other strategic moves became meaningless gestures calculated to score a single run when one run was no longer worth while except with the score tied in the last half of the ninth inning.

It so happened that this new type of baseball was sprung on the public during the period of the country's greatest prosperity. Crowds flocked to the games. Players' salaries went skyrocketing. This caused a change in their temperament. The old bitter rivalry between opposing teams disappeared and they became a bunch of " hand-shakers " who gathered on the field before a game to talk over their golf scores and the size of their pay checks.

THIS was no longer my game—the game in which a manager could " master-mind " his club into a championship. Even the temperament of baseball crowds had changed. You couldn't stir up the old bitter animosities.

In this new game there are too few opportunities into which a manager can deliberately inject his personality and win a ball game by it. The players win 'em now by the crude and primitive method of striding up to the plate and slamming the ball out of the park—and there is no better method under existing conditions. The so-called " master mind " on the bench had lost his grip on the ball game. It didn't need him any longer. And where I wasn't needed I didn't want to be. This was still my ball club—and I wanted it to win.

Then I became afflicted with sinus trouble. The heat and dust down there in the dugout were torture to me. I had wanted to resign more than a year before, but had been prevailed upon by Mr. Stoneham, the president of the club, to reconsider. But I then had it stipulated in my contract that I could step out as manager any time I decided to do so.

This time came after two months of the playing season in 1932—and on June 9 of that year I resigned as manager of the ball club I had led for thirty years, and personally picked Bill Terry as my successor.

The selection surprised the baseball public, as Dave Bancroft had always been very close to me and had been serving as my assistant and had handled the ball club during my absence. But I did not permit sentiment to play any part in the selection. I want to make it clear that it was me who turned the job over to Terry—I personally picked Bill Terry as the best man for the job.

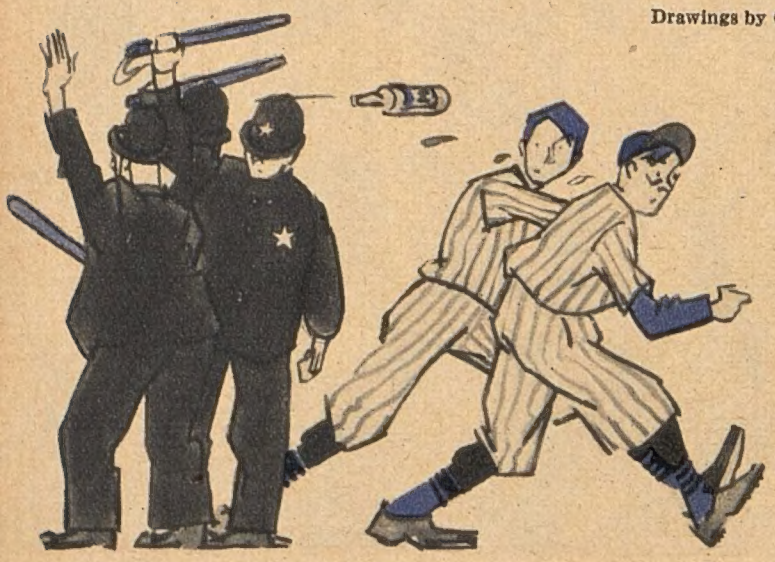
I had given Terry practically all his baseball schooling, as he had come to me as a left-hand pitcher and I had changed him into a first baseman, in spite of his meager .231 batting average with Shreveport, because of the latent talent I detected in him. He had been with me ten years. I figured that he had absorbed enough of my methods and yet had gained enough of this new baseball

U. & U. News photo

● McGraw in 1915—"little Napoleon" of the Giants. Above: in 1894—Keeler's pal with the old Orioles.

● "One Saturday in Philadelphia my ball club was chased by a mob from the park all the way to the station."

Drawings by Carl Pfeufer



"Pete left me standing there with his belt dangling from my hand. He had unbuckled it in front."

that was being played to form a sort of happy medium between the old and the new, and he had proved himself to be a thoughtful and smart ball player.

He showed the wisdom of this selection by the way he handled his team in the World's Series last fall, when on two distinct occasions he reverted to old baseball strategies that I had helped to invent in order to win important ball games.

In the third inning of the opening game at the Polo Grounds, with Hughey Critz on first and two balls and one strike on himself, Terry flashed the hit-and-run signal to Critz. As Critz dashed for second and Buddy Myer moved over to cover, Terry hit the ball through the spot he had vacated into right field for a base hit that sent Critz all the way to third. From there he scored on a single by Ott that put Terry on third. Terry was then able to score on Jackson's out at first, and these two runs that were made possible by Terry's hit-and-run play proved to be the winning margin by which the Giants won the opening game of the World's Series.

Then, in the big sixth inning of the second game, with Lefty O'Doul, a slow runner, on third and Gus Mancuso, another slow runner but a heavy hitter, at bat, Terry again reached back into the past and pulled one of our old pet strategies out of the bag. He put on the squeeze play with a slow runner on third and a heavy hitter at bat, and when Mancuso laid down a bunt it caught the Washington infield so flat-footed that O'Doul not only scored but the heavy-hoofed Giant catcher beat the play to first for a base hit.

It was like a picture out of the past to me. Willie Keeler and Hughey Jennings and I invented both those plays—the hit-and-run and the squeeze—when we were with the old Baltimore Orioles back in 1894. Jennings and I roomed together and we fairly *lived* baseball. Jennings and Keeler and I used to sit up at night figuring out schemes to win ball games. Then we'd go out to the ball park the next day and try them out, practicing them till we got them letter-perfect.

I led off in the Baltimore batting order and Keeler batted next. We were both small of stature—I weighed only 121 pounds at the time—and were both left-hand hitters. Keeler had the best batting eye I have ever seen. He held his bat away up in the middle, with only about a foot of it extending beyond his hands, and he could slap the ball to either field when he saw an open spot in which to place it. It was impossible to play for him. I have seen the outfield come in behind the infield and the infielders close up till you'd think you couldn't have dropped the ball into an open spot if you had it in your hand—but somehow Keeler would invariably punch a base hit in there somewhere.

It was on the spring training trip to Macon, Georgia, in 1894 that Keeler and I sprung the hit-and-run play on an unsuspecting baseball world. We had talked it over repeatedly, along with Jennings. We tried it out in the exhibition games, and any time I got on first with Keeler up they simply couldn't get us out. So we came North with an ace in the hole.

That year the famous old New York Giants, then managed by John Montgomery Ward, had been picked as sure pennant winners. We had to open the season against them on their home grounds. First up in the first inning of the opening game, I got a base on balls. I made a bluff to steal second and Keeler took the pitch and watched the second baseman and the shortstop to see which one made a move to cover second on the threatened steal. This would tell Keeler where to hit the ball when I really started for second. Then I took a lead and kept my eyes on Keeler till I saw him put up his hand to pull down his cap—our private signal that the hit-and-run was on the next pitch.

With the pitcher's first motion toward the plate I started down and Keeler slapped the ball sharply through the spot vacated by the infielder who covered, while I raced on to third and Keeler got a base hit.

IT was the first time the hit-and-run had ever been seen in any big league baseball park, and the Giants never even suspected that it had been prearranged. We pulled it three times in that game and won the ball game. Still they thought it was just an accident—so we won the next three games, starting the season by winning all four games of the opening series from the team that was supposed to outclass the league. We made thirteen hit-and-run plays in that series.

Then Jennings and Keeler and I began to figure on the possibility of scoring a runner from third on a sacrifice bunt by having the runner dash for the plate with the pitcher's first motion. We went out to the ball park and found that it was humanly impossible for any infielder to stop the runner from scoring so long as he started with the pitch and the batter bunted the ball on the ground anywhere in fair territory. So what later became known as the squeeze play was born.

That season of 1894 was half over before opposing teams began to suspect—and then it was too late. On our final Western trip that year we won twenty-four out of twenty-five games, eighteen of these being consecutive victories, and stole the pennant away from the team that "outclassed the league." Then we continued to win the pennant the two following years.

Everything considered, I have no hesitation in declaring that the Baltimore Orioles of 1894, '95, and '96 is the outstanding ball club of baseball history. It would be an outstanding ball club even today, under modern condi-

Giants of McGraw's heyday, as they looked in 1907 or thereabouts. From right to left, the men in uniforms are Bresnahan, Manager McGraw, Herzog, Tenney, Burns, Bridwell, Doyle, Schlei, McCormick, Browne, and Donlin, and the third man behind Donlin is Devore. Christy Mathewson—"Matty"—"Big Six"—doesn't happen to be in this picture, though he was very much a Giant of those days, as veteran fans can testify.

tions. Why, that club had a team batting average of .356! Give them this lively ball to hit and you'd never get 'em out.

The nearest approach to that club was the Athletics of 1911. I have read statements by Connie Mack to the effect that the Athletics of 1929, '30, and '31—the team that had Simmons, Foxx, Grove, Earnshaw, and Cochrane—was his best ball club. But Connie will never have another club like his team that beat us in the World's Series of 1911, because modern baseball conditions are against it.

You can't play that kind of "smart baseball" today and get away with it. For instance, the Athletics of 1911 reversed all previous principles of so-called good baseball by pitching to the *strength* of opposing batsmen instead of to their weakness; then they'd move their entire defensive cast over to cover every possible sector to which the batter would hit such a pitch.

Today opposing teams would hit this lively ball out of the park for them. Imagine pitching inside to Jimmy Foxx, Babe Ruth, Al Simmons, or Chuck Klein—all inside ball hitters—with this "rabbit ball" in the game!

It isn't the same game any more—it isn't my game and it isn't Connie's game, the game in which you could "play for a one-run lead and then hold it." Even the players are different—they are not the same intensive students of the game. Baseball brains have been smothered under a deluge of hits.

THIS is not intended as a criticism of baseball—it is just the trend of the times. The demand today is for quick action. Perhaps from the spectator's point of view the game is better today than it used to be—due to its uncertainty. You never know what is apt to happen in a ball game any more. In a game at Yankee Stadium on June 3 last year the Athletics scored eleven runs in the third inning—and lost the ball game 17 to 11. In another game Washington hammered over five runs in the first inning and five more in the second, and with this ten-run lead had to be satisfied with a tie, 13 to 13 in ten innings. That's baseball—these days.

But—all Christy Mathewson or Ferdie Schupp or Joe McGinnity or "Hooks" Wiltse of the old Giants ever asked for was a one-run lead.

Even a three-run lead in the first half of the ninth is practically a tie game today!

These are the changes in playing technique that helped to influence my retirement as manager of the Giants.

There were only two of the old school of managers left in the game: Connie Mack and myself. We were sticking around beyond our period, hangovers of an era in which strategy instead of individual prowess governed victory or defeat, probably reluctant to concede the fact that our usefulness had been destroyed by a brand of baseball that didn't need us on the bench any longer—and I am convinced that Connie should follow my example and resign. This isn't our game, old-timer.

"As the visiting team came out to practice we'd be sitting there sharpening our spikes."

And these "hand-shaking" ball players who think more of the size of their pay check than they do of fighting tooth and nail to win ball games aren't our kind of ball players, Connie—you know that as well as I do. Why, I recall the time when I instructed my players not to speak to yours on the playing field unless it was to hurl an insult!

I have won ten pennants and three World's Series and you have won nine pennants and five world's championship titles, Connie—enough honors for both of us. No other manager has even come close to that record. And practically all those pennants and world's championship titles were the result of our dominating the strategy of our ball clubs.

But this isn't our kind of baseball. "Master-minding" has gone out of style. The business office needs you, Connie—but the bench doesn't.

As players back in the old tricky days of baseball, Connie Mack and I originated plays that were responsible for at least two changes in the playing rules. We were always a jump or two ahead of the rule makers.

Never a great catcher in point of physical ability, Connie Mack was one of the trickiest catchers the game has ever known. One of his tricks, in the days when a foul tip caught directly off the bat was out instead of being called a strike, as it is today, was to tip the edge of his mitt sharply with the fingers of his bare hand as the batter swung at the ball, making a sound like a foul tip. It fooled both the batter and the umpire, the former thinking he had actually fouled the ball and the latter invariably calling the batter out on a foul tip. Connie got away with this repeatedly before it was discovered; then in 1895 they passed the rule providing that the batter was out on a caught foul "only when the ball went at least ten feet in the air or ten feet away from the plate."

As lead-off man for the Baltimore Orioles it was my business to get on base in any way possible so that Keeler and I could work our hit-and-run play. So I originated a scheme to get a base on balls. I practiced hitting foul balls down the third-base line till I could do it almost every time the pitcher put the ball over the plate. Then, if I came up with nobody on, I'd foul off every good ball the pitcher threw until I got a base on balls. In a single time at bat I once fouled off twenty-four consecutive balls against Jimmy Callahan.

So to foil this little strategy of mine the National League in 1901 passed the foul-strike rule.

"McGraw rowdyism!" That's what the newspapers used to call it. For further and franker revelations by its "perpetrator," read his article in Liberty next week.

● The bullet struck the picture above her head and the glass sprinkled her hair.

A Great New Novel of Today's Daughters Continues Its Vivid Pace

• READING TIME
31 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE SHE

by RUPERT

JOYCE PALGRAVE is the débutante daughter of Ledyard and Paula Palgrave. She has a brother Evert and a younger sister Leta. The family, its fortune lost, is still of the socially elect in Westchester County, New York.

Peter Haden, a young lawyer, is the family attorney. One afternoon at the Country Club he finds Joyce reading the account of a current horrible murder. He chides her for indulging in such lurid literature and also takes her to task for having cultivated an intimacy with Morgan Sargent, an older man whose wife is in England.

Joyce tells Peter that she knows what she is doing and can take care of herself. Just then Morgan Sargent enters to keep an appointment to ride with Joyce. They depart and leave Peter feeling anxious about Joyce. As the two ride off they pass E. Terry Grahame, driving up in his car. Joyce has an utter contempt for Grahame. In the course of the ride Joyce and Sargent dismount and stroll into the spring woods. Sargent takes the girl in his arms and makes love to her. Joyce is about to yield, but the thought of her mother and father stops her.

Joyce and Sargent part and the girl rides home. She finds the house dark and switches on the light in the living room. She sees E. Terry Grahame in the arms of her mother. Joyce switches off the light, her mind numb with horror, and turns to find her father stealing down the stairs, a revolver in his hand. She tries futilely to hold him back.

PART TWO—"TAKE ME WITH YOU, LADDIE!"

A FAR braver, far nobler man than E. Terry Grahame would have been panic-stricken, caught in the arms of a woman and confronted by her husband with a pistol in his hand and in his eye a look of insane vengeance. Grahame, cad and coward, was so scared that he was not trying to help Paula or shield her. He was trying to break away, and the cord of his silly eyeglass was dragging her head to one side, so that she stared at her husband through her disheveled curls.

Ledyard Palgrave said nothing, but his right hand jumped back. There was a thump. Grahame caved in with a grunt.

He went to the floor spirally like a slow dead leaf in still air, struck on one shoulder, then on his head, and slid along the rug, clutching at his belly and maundering, "Oh, God—oh, God—oh, ga-ga—"

As he fell, the monocle cord pulled Paula to her knees before it came free. Paula was proud, even then. But the love she had betrayed was in her eyes too. Staring at her husband like a madwoman, she whispered hoarsely:

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
JOHN FALTER

-DEVIL

H U G H E S

"Ledyard, Ledyard! What—what have you done?"

He did not answer. He may have been afraid of the look in her eyes. He could never resist it long. His right hand jumped again. Another thump. Joyce saw the slant of her mother's breasts ripped across.

Joyce no longer clung to her father. She stood crouched like a set runner, and watched her father march across the room. He looked down at Grahame wriggling silently like a mashed snake. Ledyard touched him with his foot and he began to howl. Another bullet stopped his noise and stiffened his body.

Now Paula, lying across him, struggled to her knees, one hand on the floor. She gurgled faintly:

"I'm sorry, Led. Forgive me. If you ever loved me—one more—in the name of God!"

He could not move. She whimpered like a sick baby.

"It hurts! Oh, Led—yard! Please!"

He nodded. She panted:

"Th-thank-s-s-s!"

She threw her head back. He fired again.

Her executioner went down on one knee as if felled with an ax. He lifted Paula's head and kissed her hair, then lowered her head to the floor. He tried stupidly for a moment to cover the wounds with her dress. Then he shook his head, lifted the revolver to his mouth, then put it away as if the taste were a little too bitter.

LIFE was pretty bitter to Joyce, too. She had been living it a little too fast since she learned that she could be tempted, and had come home for help, only to find her mother a harlot, her father a madman and a murderer. She had heard four bullets fired. And the next one was to take away her last friend, her father.

He was debating, no doubt, on what awaited him if he lived—and perhaps on what awaited him if he died. He made an abrupt decision and raised the weapon to his teeth, gnawed the muzzle a moment in frantic indecision. He caught sight of his daughter over there near the wall beneath the glass-covered portrait of one of his Revolutionary forefathers. It would be cruel to die and desert Joyce. It would be crueler to stay.

She may have understood his problem. She cried:

"Laddie! Don't leave me! Take me with you, Laddie!"

He stared at her, his bloodshot eyes swimming in tears. He took the revolver from his lips and nodded.

Joyce tried to draw herself erect and steel her little body for its destruction. She watched the revolver come up in her father's wavering hand. He could not hold it still. He brushed his eyes, aimed again drunkenly, fired.

The bullet struck the picture above her head and the glass sprinkled her hair. She laughed insanely.

"A little high, Laddie, a little high. Easy does it."

His hand rose again, the light glistened on the end sight describing slow circles in the air.

"Steady, old man, steady!"

She heard voices back of her, feet coming up the stairs. Wingham and Margaret chattering and panting.

Her father shook his head to clear it. Quickly he broke the revolver, glanced down at the cylinder, snapped the weapon shut, placed the muzzle against his right temple, fired, and went forward on his face.

"No! No! Wait! Wait!"

But she was too late. She stopped short, stood looking down at the tragic heap.

She snatched the revolver from the floor by her father's hand, turned up emptily like a beggar's. She drove the muzzle deep into her left breast and pulled the trigger. Click! A silly click! The gun was empty.

Old Wingham ran to her and wrested the revolver from her hand with a strange mingling of violence and deference that struck her as the funniest thing she had ever heard of—funnier than those three crisscross corpses on the battlefield of a living-room rug.

She laughed, toppled about, laughing. Old Margaret hobbled after her and caught her and held her, babbling:

"Don't, don't, Miss Joyce! Don't laugh. Whatever you do, don't laugh."

She broke roughly from the fat arms and pushed the hulk away, not in anger, but because she was nauseated.

The doorbell rang.

Even old Wingham lost his patience. It was his lifelong custom to keep the family secrets from leaking out, and unwelcome intruders from leaking in. It forbade him to usher a caller to the living room when it was crowded with corpses and not tidied up. He ignored the bell. It rang again. Margaret spoke:

"The bell, Wingham."

"Yes."

He went to the door and opened it on Peter Haden.

"Mr. Palgrave, please, Wingham."

"Oh, Mr. Haden! Mr. Palgrave—Mr. Palgrave—he isn't here, sir!"

"Why, I saw him on the road half an hour ago."

"Oh, yes, sir, he came in—but—but—"

By now Peter had reached the door of the living room. He saw Joyce hanging limp across the broad shoulders of the kneeling Margaret. She looked as if she were dead. His eye was caught by the incredible heap of bodies.

"WHAT in the name of—"

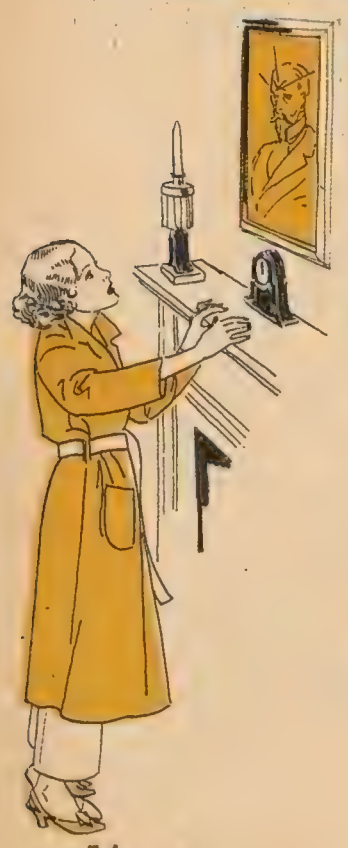
His voice choked as Joyce lifted her head and stared at him with dead eyes. She smiled at him like an idiot, and came forward with an hysterical mockery, put out her hand, and drawled:

"How nice of you to come, Mr. Haden. You're a little late for the fireworks but just in time for the reception."

"Wh-what happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. I hurried home to consult my dear mamma about a point of—of honor; but she was engaged with— That's E. Terry Grahame—down in under—what's left of him. E. Terry was Paula's lover, but he foozled as usual, and Laddie found out about him, and shot him twice, and then shot mamma twice. He even took a shot at me, but he missed me and hit an ancestor. See, up there. Then Laddie put the last bullet into his own head."

Her imbecile burlesque ended in a sudden reversion to childhood. Her face crumpled and she began to howl. Peter took her in his arms, eased her into the nearest chair and sat on the arm of it, holding her together while she seemed to be sobbing herself to pieces. In the meanwhile he was beckoning Wingham and Margaret close and whispering:



"Margaret, get her bed ready. Wingham, call the doctor. He can't do any good—except to give this poor child something to put her out of it for a while, but he'll have to see—them. As soon as he's on his way I'll telephone the village police and the county sheriff. The other children will have to be found."

Margaret hobbled at once to the stairway while Peter stooped to collect Joyce. She protested drunkenly:

"What you try' do?"

"I'm going to carry you up to your room."

She pushed his hands away with vague impatience.

"I'm busy. I've got millions of things to do."

"You have indeed; but you must rest up a little first."

"All right. I'll lie down a few minutes and think things out a little. But don't try to carry me."

Peter turned to Wingham.

"Get the doctor—a doctor—any doctor—here at once!"

Wingham whirled to run to the telephone as Joyce began:

"Get a doctor? What for? It's too late for a doctor to do anything now. It wouldn't be too late, though, if I'd had any sense. If I hadn't been such an utter damned fool, this wouldn't have happened.

"ALL I had to do was to grab Laddie's hand and hang on. I could have screamed to Paula and she and Terry Grahame could have got the pistol away from him, even if I couldn't have snatched it, or they could have got away beyond his reach. But I just stood there and gawped like a wooden doll. And now poor Laddie is a mur—a murderer—and he murdered the one soul he loved best of all—best of all.

"Even if I couldn't have stopped him, I could have run forward to shield my poor little mother. And you know that he'd have had to shoot me in the back. He'd never have done that.

"I've got to rep'sent the family—what's left of it. But you want to take me up and put me to bed—as if I were a baby in the way. My God, I've got too much to do! I'll never sleep again. Never! You see if I do!

"I was left alive for a purpose. Can't you see that? I can't save their lives, but I can save their good names—their good sweet names. All their long lives they had such sweet names. Everybody loved them. Everybody envied them. And then, after all those years and years, Paula lost her head and Laddie went out of his mind, and now—and now their names are to be tossed all over the world for everybody to hiss at and spit on.

"I've been left to do something for my darlings. They gave their lives to trying to make me happy. And now it's my turn to do something for them. Do you know what I'm going to do, Petie?"

"What you going to do, honey?"

She advanced to him with the crafty smile and the stealth and the distorted wisdom that he had seen on the faces of the insane whispering through the bars of an asylum. She looked about to see that nobody overheard except Margaret, whom she beckoned close. She frowned to note that Wingham was absent.

"We won't wait for Wingham. Margaret can explain it to him later. You'll explain it to him, won't you, Margaret?"

"Yes, yes, poor dear."

"Well, this is the idea. You see there's no denying that three people are dead in there. We can't get rid of them or say they've gone away on a journey or anything. Well, somebody's got to explain those three poor dead—those two poor dead. So I'm going to say I shot them. Now, Petie, wait a minute! Don't go shaking your head and struggling. It's all very simple and easy. Are you listening, Petie?"

"Oh, my God, yes! Go on. Go on!"

"Well, you said you were going to telephone the police. Well, that's all right. That's just the thing to do. Only, when they come, you tell 'em how you came here and found me with a pistol in my hand—a smoking pistol in my hand—"

"You, Joyce? You?"

"Me, Joyce, me. Listen! Let me finish, won't you, or I'll kill you now! You can say that Terry Grahame attacked *me* and I—I went temp'rarily out of my mind—the way girls do when they've been overpowered, and I—I dashed upstairs and got my father's pistol and came running down the stairs, and my father and mother pursued me, trying to prevent me from doing any harm, but I killed Terry Grahame, and then Laddie and Paula tried to disarm me—to take the weapon away from me, you know; and in the—the ensuing struggle—isn't that what they say?—I was still out of my mind, of course—the pistol was accidentally—or insanely—that would be bet-

● "Joyce, listen to me a minute. Now that you've lost your interest in Morgan Sargent, will you marry me?"

ter—in my insanity, not knowing who they were, I killed them. Then I tried to kill myself, but—but all the bullets were gone, and before I could get any more you—you came in and overpowered me and took my pistol away. Then, when the police get here, I'll pretend to be still insane. It won't be hard. I'm just about gone now. What do you think of that, Petie? Will you help me tell that story?"

"Oh, my darling, my darling!"

"Don't say you won't. Isn't it better, infini'ly better, to tell that one little lie and save those poor dear dead people from being covered with mud? Oh, Petie, I can't let the newspapers do to my darlings what they did to those other poor people I read about. You've got to help me. Won't you help me?"

"God knows I'll do anything I can."

He saw that it was useless to reason with her unreason. To tell her of its hopeless futility and imbecility would only be flogging the broken thing she was.

Dr. Rand, the family's physician for a generation, arrived.

At the sound of his automobile in the driveway, Peter left Joyce in the hands of Margaret and Wingham and ran out to the porch. Bareheaded on the moonlit steps, he told Dr. Rand of the devastation that had fallen on the Palgrave house, and begged him to give the frenzied Joyce a needleful of oblivion to save her for the evil enough tomorrow.

The old physician was like to have collapsed himself, but he agreed to follow Peter's advice. Peter had not taken the time to explain Joyce's fantastic plan, and when they entered the hall she was already trying to play mad for the doctor. Silly as a child in a charade, she came forward, laughing, dancing, and talking what she supposed to be the right thing.

CONFUSED to a stupidity, Dr. Rand mumbled equal nonsense till Peter got him to another room where he could prepare the needle. As he sterilized it with maddening deliberation, Peter told him more of the truth, and when they went back to Joyce, Peter took her in his arms and pretended to play his part in the farce she had concocted. Dr. Rand said:

"The poor child has gone quite out of her mind. This will help restore her."

Before she quite understood, he had her arm in his grip and Peter was holding her fast.

The moment Joyce felt the stab of the needle and the entrance of the drug into her veins, she understood the plot against her. She tried to wrench her arm free and the needle ripped her flesh a little, but its work was done. She broke free and stood rubbing her arm, trying to fight the enemy within her blood.

It was a strange battle. Her mind was trying to resist the drowsiness that climbed up through her body in a drowning tide. Her fierce voice softened. Her wild eyes were befogged. Her eyelids fell. She staggered. Her hands fumbled, and when Peter took her in his arms, her struggles to tear his hands away were mere caresses.

The next thing she knew was the slow return to life. She dawned out of night and found that another day was well on its course.

THE clock said six. It was pleasant to wake up so that she could have the joy of going back to sleep. Never had she been so tired. She felt as if she had been beaten. Thank heaven, she had not agreed to take any early-morning ride with anybody. She was just sinking away again when, with a tearing slash as if a curtain had been ripped back, she saw again the happenings of the night before.

But such things happened only in nightmares and in newspapers. Yet—the picture was furiously real. She could easily make sure. She flung into a bathrobe and slippers and darted down the stairs. Nobody was awake. She ran to the living room and looked for the dead. Nothing so preposterous met her eyes. The room was as she had remembered it always before. Her father and mother must be asleep upstairs in their room. She breathed deliciously deep and turned to go back to bed.

With a smile she threw a glance at the portrait of the Revolutionary general. There was no glass on it, or on the floor. But there was a bullet hole in the general's forehead.

Her heart began to race again. She was horribly startled by a little thump on the front porch. She went to

the door, unlocked and opened it. The morning paper had been hurled there, folded. She could see only half the huge headlines: "Wife, Lover, Self."

She stepped out, caught up the paper, opened it and read:

SOCIALITE SLAYS WIFE, LOVER, SELF

LEDYARD PALGRAVE SURPRISES
WIFE IN ARMS OF
E. TERRY GRAHAME, POLOIST
KILLS BOTH, THEN SELF

It was like another blast of chloroform. Joyce stood wavering, till she fell, propped against the doorpost. She heard some one coming down the stairs—in slippers evidently, from the way the heels knocked loosely on the treads. Steps back of her. Then across her shoulder the voice of Peter Haden.

"Hello, Joyce! I slept here last night. I was just coming down for the—"

"Here it is. At last we're in the headlines."

Peter took the paper from her. While he read he was trying to think up something consoling or helpful to say, as the words of the news were running under his eyes and under the eyes of Joyce, who leaned on him and tried to take it all in.

WHAT little of the story she knew was garbled, of course, as always. She accepted the rest as fact: the statements that Peter Haden, the family lawyer, had arrived just after the shooting and had taken charge of the case; Dr. J. H. Rand had been called in; the police had arrived and learned the details from the butler and his wife, the cook, whose accounts were so conclusive that the case was considered closed.

After taking photographs and notes the police permitted the bodies to be removed to the Webster Funeral Parlors. At the time of the tragedy the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard Palgrave were absent from the house. They are Joyce, well known as a horsewoman; Leta, a junior tennis champion; and Evert, prominent in football circles.

Joyce said in a bewilderment, "It says I was absent. I might as well have been, I suppose. I didn't do anything at all! Didn't I try to do anything? Did I just—"

"You fought like a wildcat. Here are some of my wounds. And on your arm there is another—the needle. Dr. Rand gave you enough to drug a tiger."

"I'm not quite out of it yet, I suppose. I feel as if I were all wood—especially in the head."

"Dr. Rand and Wingham and I lied about your being upstairs. We told the police and the reporters that you were out. It wasn't a lie exactly. You really were."

"Dear old Pete! Thinks of everything. But Evert and Leta—do they know—yet?"

"I had a time finding them, but I finally ran them down. I telephoned them their father was seriously ill and wanted them to come home at once. Then I met them and broke the news as gently as I could."

"Dear old Pete! Where are the poor kids now?"

"Upstairs, asleep."

She did not mention Morgan Sargent, but she could not help thinking: The great man was all there when it came to dragging me out into the deep woods and telling me how he needed me; but when I needed him, where was he? When I'm in disgrace and lost and helpless, where is he?

Peter was thinking the same thing almost in an exultation over his rival. The spoils of victory might be only wounds and ruins, but he held the battlefield.

She was a glutton for punishment. She wanted to know all that happened while she was wherever the hypodermic had sent her. Pete tried to scumble it over.

Then: "What's next, Pete? What do I do next? There must be something."

"There's lots, but leave it to me."

"Why?"

"Because I—I am the family lawyer."

"But you never get paid. You didn't before. There was nothing left. Now you'll never get paid."

In a strangely grim way he said, "Oh, I get paid." His fee was her clinging to him. But she let go and said:

"How do you get paid? With heartaches?"

"What better pay is there than that—when you love—people."

"Pete!"

An automobile filled with reporters and cameramen for an afternoon paper flashed through the gate. Peter thrust Joyce back of him. "Go back to bed and save yourself. I'll take care of these lads."

She went up the steps heavily as an old hag, but keeping her hand off the banister rail. She opened the door of Leta's room softly. Leta woke, and the sight of Joyce sent her into noisy frenzies of grief. Evert heard and came into the room. They must be told all that Joyce had seen. They cross-examined her. Joyce had to describe every least thing she had seen and what Peter had told her. Shame was added to other woes so bitter that finally Joyce grew sick of the whole business.

"There's no use getting maudlin. We were respectable for longer than most people. Now we're making up for lost time."

"But Joyce," Leta sobbed, "you said that you saw mamma with Terry Grahame in her arms! You couldn't have!"

"I couldn't have, but I did."

"But Terry Grahame of all people—and mamma!"

"It's a lie!" Evert would shout. "Mamma was a square shooter. She wouldn't double-cross daddy."

"But I saw her."

"Then what's the use of anything? If she could cheat, who's straight?"

"Who wants to be straight if mamma wasn't? Who could be if mamma couldn't?"

"It just shows. You can't trust anybody. Who's next? I wouldn't believe anybody now."

"What a rotten world! And we've got to live in it. How we're going to live is another question."

"Everywhere we go we'll be labeled. I suppose we could change our name?"

"That would be nice and yellow. No! We're born Palgraves and Palgraves we stay—except you girls—you can change your names by marriage."

"Swell chance of anybody marrying us. Not that I'd marry the best man on earth. I'd never feel safe. If daddy could kill mamma— Besides, who'd want to marry the daughter of poor mamma?"

Disgust and dismay clouded their grief. They had lost more than their parents. They had lost faith and hope. A kind of atheism was enforced on them.

Joyce kept thinking of Morgan Sargent.

WHY hadn't he called? Or had he? He must have. He was so fine, so wise, so merciful. Even when he was mad with desire he had spared her for her sake. If he could conquer himself he could not be afraid of anybody. He would save her and her brother and sister from despair. He would do something to protect her father and mother from further persecution. He must have telephoned at least. Pete was jealous of him. Perhaps Pete had turned him away. She bathed and dressed and sought Peter, and mumbled:

"By the way, Pete, did anybody telephone and ask for me?"

"Oh, any number of people, offering sympathy, help, money."

"Did—was—among them—by any chance—was—was—"

"No, Morgan Sargent didn't call."

Hours later she was quite haggard and she seized Peter's hand without realizing that her nails were sharp.

"He must have seen the papers hours ago. He hasn't come! He hasn't telephoned or sent a note!"

Then there *was* a telephone call. Joyce's heart leaped. Wingham approached Joyce with awe, as if he were about to say, "His Grace the Duke of—" or "His Grace the Archbishop of—"; but he said, "Mr. Morgan Sargent on the telephone, please."

Joyce dashed from the room, but stopped short as she approached the telephone. Here was the test of the man, and of herself.

"Hello!" she said.

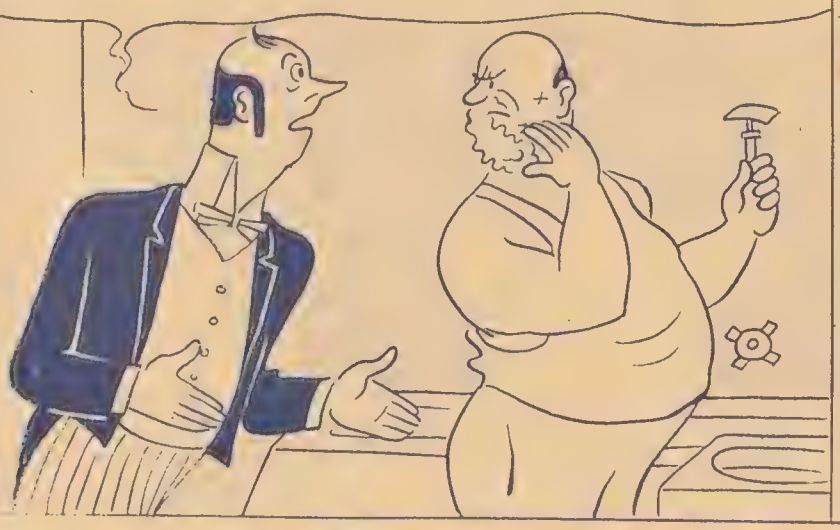
"Is this you, Miss Palgrave?"

"Yes." *(Continued on page eighteen)*

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN

I PERCEIVE YOU'VE CUT YOUR FACE, SIR-
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR SCOWLS --



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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves, free.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY..... PROV.....

(Continued from page sixteen)

"This is Morgan Sargent."

"I know."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am for the great tragedy that an inscrutable Providence—" (My God, he's delivering an oration!) "Is there anything I can do? Please command me."

"How kind of you!"

"Please believe me when I say—" (He was saying things again, merely saying things! Did he think she was a political convention?)—"my heart aches for you, my poor child."

"Thank you. Thanks a lot."

"You know that, don't you, my dear?"

"Yes, Mr. Sargent."

"You understand, don't you, that I should be there in person if it weren't for grave public affairs that compel my—"

"Oh, I understand, Mr. Sargent." She was repeating his name perhaps because she guessed that he had stolen away to a private booth somewhere and it was the only thing her hurt mind could think of to embarrass him. He was probably afraid of the telephone centrals, too. She had become quite puerile with dismay and loneliness. She had not strength enough to keep from saying at last:

"Oh, I realize perfectly just how you feel, Mr. Sargent. You told me you were afraid of me out in the woods. And now you're still more afraid of me because I'm still deeper in the woods."

"Oh, you can't think that! You must not think that!"

"All right. I won't. I don't really think anything. I'm so shot, I've stopped thinking. Please don't worry, Mr. Sargent. Don't be afraid any more."

SHE laid the telephone back on the hook as if she were hanging up a bright domino she had worn to a crazy costume party.

She found Peter Haden waiting in a mood of deep gloom. He was so warm, so real, so incautious, so present! And he was afraid that Morgan Sargent had been nice to her. Peter was afraid he might lose her. She had one man on earth who was jealous. Her heart swung to Peter with a wild joy. To comfort him she said:

"Morgan Sargent! God, what a dud! And I thought he was strong! He is. He's so strong he smells. Oof! Well, there goes my last friend. One by one the rose leaves fall."

"Your last friend gone? Don't you call me a friend?"

"Nagh! You're just a sweet fool that I love."

"Joyce! Listen to me a minute. Now that you've lost your interest in Morgan Sargent, will you marry me?"

"I must be going crazy. I'm hearing strange voices say strange things."

"I asked you to marry me."

"Aren't you the angel of the world? You kept silent while we were high and mighty, and now that I'm chucked into the garbage can, you come and pick me out. Of course I won't take advantage of such goodness, but I love you for it."

She threw her arms around him and planted a kiss right on his mouth. He went quite mad. He clenched her, kissed her. His body blazed with the new fire of possession. When she tried to speak he stopped her mouth with kisses. She had not dreamed that he loved her so, or that she could respond with such flame to any man.

For just a moment she gave herself to ecstasy before she remembered that her mother was just dead. And remembering her mother she was reminded how loathsome this commerce between men and women was. She could think only of that foul scene where her mother and Terry Grahame were wallowing in drunken emotion. She could not believe that her love for Peter Haden was anything but the same ugly beastliness. She broke from Peter with a ferocious violence.

"My God, I'm just another cat like—like"—she could not say her mother's name—"like all the other cats. We're all cats."

"Don't! Don't!"

"What else are we? You had me all"—she laughed wretchedly—"all hot and bothered."

He could only rejoice in this. "That proves—"

"It proves that I have a bad influence on you—just as Paula did over Terry Grahame; just as I had over Morgan Sargent. We Palgraves are all bad that way, it seems."

"You're human. I love you for it. It wouldn't be love without—"

"Love is the dirtiest word in the language, Pete. It's done enough dirty work around here. Terry Grahame was a fool and it doesn't much matter, but it cost him his life. I'm too fond of you. You're too good a man to let me drag you down."

"Drag me down! You lift me to heaven!"

"You see, you're out of your mind. You're a young lawyer with all your future to make and you want to throw it away on a thing like me. Why, nobody would speak to you or give you a case. I love you too much to ruin your career."

"So long as you love me, what else matters?"

"I love you, but I don't love love. I hate love. I loathe love! If I hadn't seen my own mother—what it made of her. If I'd only got home late and heard that she was caught and killed. But I saw her! I saw that kissing and hair-pulling and gasping—and—no wonder lovers love the dark! But I turned on the light. And I'll always see myself in mother's place. If I should marry you or anybody I'd be untrue to you or anybody."

"Don't say such things!"

"ALL right, that's out. But one thing's sure: I'll never be your wife, not while I care for you as I do now."

"You admit you care for me."

"More than I thought anybody could care for anybody. I didn't know that caring for people could mean so much."

"Then you've got to marry me."

"I care for you too much. Can't you understand? You've been so good to us—to me—you're the best man that ever lived."

"I don't want your gratitude. I want you."

"I'm too grateful to you to curse you with myself. I hate myself. You've taught me that I can't trust myself."

"I'll trust you."

"Laddie trusted Paula. Paula meant to be true to him. But she couldn't be. Paula didn't want to break Laddie's heart, but she was—she couldn't resist herself—any more than I could resist myself a minute ago in your arms. I broke away just in time. I'm poisonous, but I'm not going to poison you. Just now I can't imagine myself enduring the—the love—ugh! It's the only word!—of any man, but I don't know what I'll be a year from now. Only, I'll never poison you. I love you— My God, isn't there any other word? I'm too fond of you. I respect you too much to drag you down to our level."

"Stop it, I tell you. You're insane!"

"Haven't I a right to be?"

"Yes, yes, you poor, sweet—"

"Call me that, and be sorry for me and pity me and help me all you can, for I need it, but if you want a wife, Petie, go get a decent girl from a decent family."

"I'll never marry anybody but you."

"Well, if I keep you from marrying I may be doing you a favor, at that. We're all cats, Petie. You can't trust us. So keep away. We purr and twist, but our claws are poisonous. So keep away. Meow—pfftt!"

She ran up the stairs, laughing and caterwauling, and as soon as she reached her room she flung herself on her bed and clawed the covers.

Peter watched her as she left him, his eyes aching with sorrow. He was sure that she truly loved him, and sure that he would never win her. Her father and mother had murdered more than they knew.

Fate has already piled a ghastly burden on the slim shoulders of Joyce Palgrave. In the next installment of this great novel this young girl faces a crisis in her life that is fraught with tragic possibilities. How will Joyce meet this searching test?

"ONCE THOSE BOYS WERE PALS—

They'd played together as kids"

..."I was a cub on the Courts beat then and, believe me, I got a lot of evidence never produced in court...But I think the case of Eddie McBride was the most unusual...It was a double drama.

"It wasn't the fact that Eddie was an embezzler extraordinary...nor was it the fact that he almost beat the Crown in one of the most thrilling cases in the Canadian Courts...that was so unusual from a news angle. No, boys, the real drama only a few of us knew.

"Picture a crowded court room...the jury is in. With breathless suspense that curious multitude...lawyers...detectives...policemen...relatives...and the just morbidly curious...await the sentence. The central figures are the prisoner in the dock...a rather handsome, seemingly cultured young man but a really hardened enemy of society ...and, before him the Crown Attorney, Ralph McKee, a rather young man for such a trial...but one whose brief record showed outstanding successes...Between these two lay the real and hidden drama.

"Those two men had been pals...They'd played together as kids...They'd grown up together through many a boyish scheme, now, they meet again. One down...One up.

"Their fathers had been close friends, too ...both were bright men with brilliant futures. Quite possibly Ralph's father, in talking to Eddie's dad, said — 'Jack, you ought to have the kind of insurance I have ...then you would be sure that your wife and Eddie will always be safe. You see, I took out a Dominion Family Income Policy this year...it's the smartest thing I've done.'

"I am thirty now and my family needs guaranteed protection, right now and until I am sixty-five. The policy I have is for $15,000, and it provides that, should anything happen to me before I reach sixty-five, my wife will receive $150 a month until the date when, if I had lived, I would reach sixty-five. On that date she will receive $15,000 cash...or, if she desires, she can have this amount in monthly payments.

"Then, too, if I live past sixty-five, this policy becomes one for $15,000 regular protection...and the premiums are reduced accordingly. Should I die at any time after that, my wife would receive $15,000 cash, with the option of receiving this amount in monthly instalments...And the beauty of it is that the cost is very low. You ought to have the same thing."

. . . . . .

But Eddie's dad was a superior person. Nothing could happen to him...he would look after his family in his own way. But he didn't...because, not long after, he passed away with pneumonia...and the brilliant prospects of this family very quickly faded into one of despair. The ultimate result...One boy up...The other boy down.

• • • • • •

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Jesse Lasky

Jesse Lasky Tells the Facts about Hollywood

The Stars Come High but They're Worth It, He Says, in an Outspoken Interview with

RUTH CUMMINGS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I WENT to the great ones of the motion-picture industry—to those who make and pay the stars their salaries—but I found only one courageous enough to say:

Stars are not paid too high!

From his Redheads act in vaudeville, Jesse Lasky blazed a trail into motion pictures with The Squaw Man. Today he has turned out such artistic successes as Power and the Glory, Zoo in Budapest, Warrior's Husband, I Am Suzanne, Berkeley Square, As Husbands Go.

And five of these have been chosen among the ten best pictures of their year. Five by one producer alone.

Mr. Lasky believes that the same five pictures might have been best sellers had he been able to secure the services of some of the so-called high-priced stars.

"Imagine," he said, "Power and the Glory with Garbo! Imagine Zoo in Budapest with Dietrich!

"And yet," he went on, "has there ever been a more beautiful portrayal than Colleen Moore's performance of the wife in Power and the Glory? But can't you see the public flocking had they known that Garbo, the great Garbo, was being featured? There would have been a winding trail of silver clinking into the box office.

"*Stars who bring in this trail of silver are not paid too high!*

"We have no substitute for Garbo. There is only one Marlene Dietrich! One Hepburn! One Marie Dressler! One Mae West! One Gaynor! One Will Rogers! But thank God," Mr. Lasky laughed, "for two Barrymores! The names and artistry of these people are preëminent."

Mr. Lasky commented upon the few stars who maintain their place upon a pedestal. "Mostly their time is short," he said reminiscently. "The screen is not like the stage. The career of a motion-picture star is brief. If they come to us when they are young, we producers have to remember that youth flies. We know that the money—these fabulous salaries the public has heard about—when averaged over a lifetime is not a great deal. But the public does not realize that. Who ever thinks of it?

"In fairness," he went on, "let us take the career of an opera singer. The public does not criticize a singer for the enormous salary he receives for a performance. Neither does it criticize this artist for the royalties he receives from his records long after he has left the concert field. Why should it criticize a motion-picture artist for the salary he receives—when it is the star's name which has made the picture a profitable one? These stars—" he paused. "For such a little time we put into their hands a horn of plenty upon which they must subsist for the rest of their lives.

"*The public is responsible for our stars. And in reality it is the public who pays them.* But let it be known right here that no star ever receives the salary her press agent tells the world about.

"Fantastic tales have reached the ears of an adoring public. Let me suggest the proverbial grain of salt.

"Let us remember that these so-called high salaries have entered the industry with sound pictures. With sound, the day passed when just a pretty face was enough upon which to build a career. Now we look to the stage for our stars—to the men and women who have studied and struggled for recognition. We absorb them into the picture industry. We producers only pay them during that little time when they are at their zenith.

"When the popularity of a star wanes he becomes what is known as a free-lance artist. This artist may receive a large salary for one picture. He is now off the weekly pay roll of the studio. A sound picture requires about four weeks of intensive work. In the old silent days pictures were dragged out frequently for a year. Now this same artist may wait the balance of the year for another opportunity. Would you say the large salary received for those four weeks was too high?

"And why was this star on the wane?

"Stars who bring in a trail of silver are not paid too high," affirms Mr. Lasky. From left to right: Garbo, Dietrich, and Katharine Hepburn. Below: Marie Dressler.

M.G.M.

Paramount

RKO

M.G.M.

Salaries

"Many elements contribute to the making of a good picture, and a good picture makes a star. But no star is better than the story. And no story is better than the director.

"The public praises or blames the star. Stars have been made in one picture. They have been flung into oblivion by another. And when their value is gone their salary is ended!"

Mr. Lasky smiled whimsically and asked me if I believed in reincarnation. He said: "I like to believe that the picture stars are like the stars of the firmament—are like those meteors or shooting stars that come into our firmament perhaps once in a lifetime. So that when these performers have been broken on the wheel of bad stories or bad direction, they may have another chance in another life."

And then Mr. Lasky told me of his aims and ambitions. He wants to make The Flight of a Swan, based on the life of the greatest of all dancers, Anna Pavlowa. He thinks this picture will be the greatest in his career. And so he is willing to wait a year—two years—three—until he finds the winged glorious birdlike creature who will interpret Pavlowa for him. When he finds her, he says:

"No salary will be too high!"

THE END

Janet Gaynor (below)

Fox

Mae West

Paramount

Fox

M.G.M.

M.G.M.

"Their names and artistry are preëminent," he says of the nine stars pictured on this page. Above: Will Rogers. Left: The brothers Barrymore, Lionel and John.

Down in the Donjon-Keep

**A Tale with a Thrill in It—
The Gripping Story of a Strange,
Dark Adventure**

by
THOMAS TOPHAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT happened that I received Martin Pelham when he came to prison. The chief clerk, to whom had been assigned the duty of receiving incoming prisoners, examining their papers and formally delivering them into custody of the deputy warden, had gone to the bank that morning, leaving me in charge of the office.

Deputy Sheriff Bill Davidson, from the big town, and another officer drove up with three prisoners. Great gates would not clang behind them. Great gates didn't clang in our prison. We had a pride about that, and the warden would have had a man—convict or official—who went about clanging gates, or anything else, on the carpet. We inducted the new boys gently.

I signed for the prisoners. At the time I had heard nothing about Martin Pelham, and he was " just another fish " to me. But I caught a quick darting look that he cast about the office. I looked at him a second time. A tall, rather thin man of thirty or so, with wavy brown hair—it wouldn't wave long in here—brown eyes, a sensitive face. High-strung—I could see that. It would be terrible for him in prison.

He was up for highway robbery, first offense and the minimum sentence. Brown-eyed robber. The robbers who came to us usually had blue or gray eyes.

" Well, boys," Bill Davidson said, shaking hands with the three, " good-by and good luck. Now, take my advice. These people up here are not so bad and a fellow can live pretty comfortably if he don't get to acting up. It's a lot cleaner and better than the county jail. Take care of yourselves, and if I can do anything for you let me know. I'll always go to bat for my friends."

It was a nice speech that he always made, varying it but little. And the funny thing was, he meant it. Many a man who came to us without a cent had two or three dollars to his credit in the prison bank, placed there by Bill. I had heard that he padded his expense account in transporting prisoners, and that was where it went. His mail must have been large, for the men he brought to prison generally wrote the first letters they were allowed to him, and many continued to write.

Bill came back of the counter, sat down and picked up a morning newspaper. He had a couple of hours to wait for a train back. A clerk was busy asking the new arrivals a few preliminary questions and filling out blanks. I had pressed the buzzer for a guard to take them in charge.

" By the way, I forgot something," Bill said. " Pelham couldn't eat any breakfast this morning. He must be pretty hungry by now. Could you slip him a little something? "

"Hold that lantern up," he directed. "Be sure nobody is here with us."

I looked at the clock. Under strict rules, Pelham couldn't be fed now. But rules were violated every day, and I wanted to accommodate Bill. I called another guard.

"Take Pelham, that man there with the brown hair, back to the kitchen and ask cook to give him a snack," I directed. "He can catch the others in the Bertillon room."

Pelham gave me a quick glance and moved off with his guard. The other two disappeared through an iron door with the first guard, and I went back to my packets. The packet is a complete record of the prisoner, with all his papers, letters of importance bearing on his case, history of his life, sometimes newspaper clippings—though that isn't officially required—and his prison record.

Bill Davidson had gone, and I had been working on my records for some time, when the deputy warden sent a runner for me.

"This man Pelham," said the D. W. when I reached him. "Did you send him back with an order for the cook to feed him?"

I admitted that I had, and explained the reason for it.

"The warden is going to raise hell," said the deputy, who was a good friend of mine, and he added, "I would have done the same thing if Bill Davidson had asked it, but that don't alter the fact that it broke the rule. Pelham is down in the hole."

The hole is solitary confinement. I was not so much alarmed as astonished. Pelham had not been inducted, as we called it, into the prison routine, had not even been assigned a number.

The facts were few. The cook had objected to preparing a snack between meals without a written order. He had pointed to a sign, "Verbal Orders Don't Go," and had made a sneering remark about his "guest," whereupon Pelham had stepped up and had struck him, knocking him against a hot caldron of stew and burning him badly.

"The captain of the guard slapped him right in the hole," explained the deputy warden. "And then he got worried because he was a fish, and reported to me."

"Fish" was our name for a new prisoner.

To my relief, the warden did not blame me severely. He was not a martinet, but a very thoughtful fair man who did the best he could for his "boys." But I felt responsible for Martin Pelham getting such an introduction to prison life, and the next day told the deputy warden so. He smiled at me. The deputy was a hard man; he even hanged persons and put it all down as in the day's work.

However, he sent for Pelham, had him brought to his office. Even in the dirty and ill-fitting clothes they had put on him in the dungeon he did not look disreputable.

"This gentleman assumes the blame for your trouble," the D. W. brusquely informed Pelham. "You're lucky. Now, straighten out and keep your temper or we'll have to keep it for you. We don't allow temper in this place." He turned to me. "Jim, will you see him over to the Bertillon room and tell them to send him through?"

"Verbal orders don't go," I quoted. The D. W. grinned and wrote out the order.

Pelham gave me a quick sharp glance as we passed out together, then went along tractably enough. "Thanks," he said as I left him at the Bertillon room.

And then I forgot him entirely until, one morning, there came over from the warden's office, with the usual batch of papers for filing, the duplicate of a P. O. to be placed in Pelham's prison record. P. O. means punishment order.

I read the order rather curiously, and looked up the time of Martin Pelham's entrance. He had been with us barely three weeks, and here was his second punishment. A week in solitary for fighting.

Two weeks went by, and again came a P. O. on Martin Pelham. He had been out of the black hole but a week when he had become involved in another altercation. A fight had followed. This time the deputy warden had withdrawn his privilege card and had given him thirty days in solitary. It would just about kill Martin Pelham, with his mild brown eyes, his sensitive face.

I have seen men taken raving, more than once, from the dungeons. And still, knowing this, I don't see what else the prison authorities can do.

Several times during the week that followed I wondered how Pelham was standing his punishment, and one day I dropped over to the isolation section. Big Mike, the head day guard in that section, greeted me jovially. Strange how seeing others suffer fails to affect some people. Big Mike would not have hurt a fly knowingly, but he would slam the steel doors on his victims and listen to their wails with a stony heart. He bore the scars of many a desperate battle.

"Mike," I said, "you've got a fellow in here named Pelham—No. 24443. I've got some stuff in his packet mixed up, and if I wait till he gets out to talk to him the warden or the D. W. might run across it in the meantime and raise hell with me. I wonder if I couldn't see him a minute."

"Sure," said Mike, glad to accommodate one from the Ad offices. "Oi'll bring the son of a gun out in the corridor, so yez kin talk to him."

● An unprovoked assault upon a guard! He could have been placed on trial for his life.

MARTIN PELHAM crawled out—a pitiable wreck. He blinked at me under the dim electric bulb in the corridor. It must have seemed blinding light to him, confined day and night in darkness. He couldn't even shade his eyes with his hand, for he must stand with folded arms while he talked to me.

"Pelham," I said, "I'm from the offices, the packet clerk. I wanted to check up on a couple of things in your record." I pulled out a blank. He must have known that my questions were wholly fictitious, for he smiled a thin weak smile. But he answered my questions courteously enough, and turned back wearily with the guard.

When Pelham had been duly locked up again, I walked with Big Mike outside.

"Mike, that bird's wrong somewhere," I told him. "If you report a man going crazy in the hole, what do they do?"

"Take him out for the croaker to examine," answered Mike. "He don't often agree with me, so Oi've quit reportin' 'em."

"Mike, report 24443 and there'll be a couple of good show tickets for you up at the office," I told him.

Mike smiled a broad smile. "Sure Oi'll report him, an' not be far wrong at that. He looks like hell."

I left Mike and stepped across to the prison hospital. Dr. Bellew and I were the best of friends.

"Mike's sending over a bird from the hole," I told him. "If your professional ethics will allow—well, if you could work him out of the hole—"

"And have the D. W. on my neck when he goes bad again!" said the doctor. "Oh, well, I'll do it. I suppose you wouldn't want to be mentioned in the affair." He grinned.

"Hardly," I said, and I went off after promising to play billiards with him that night. He was a nut on billiards.

Two days later I was very much surprised to receive a note from No. 24443. It was slipped to me by an orderly from the hospital as I passed through the yard on an errand over at the shoe shop. That meant that No. 24443 had been taken out of the hole by the doctor. The note simply said, "Please do not interfere in my behalf again," and was signed "M. P., No. 24443."

I stared at the note in surprise and a little

indignantly. I wondered if I talked to the warden, told him all, if he might think out the problem of this man, his twisted mind. His experience had been great; he might find a solution. It was something the warden liked to do—to get at these human stories, bring the men to a sense of proportion.

However, after thinking over Martin Pelham's note for a day and a night I decided not to talk to the warden. It would be hard to make him understand my interest, for it had arisen upon a very intangible thing—merely a glance from a sensitive face. I had very nearly succeeded in putting him out of mind when another P. O. came along for Pelham's packet.

Fighting again! "Five days in solitary confinement." A mild punishment. And then a word caught my eye. It was the word "keep." "In the keep." I started in horror.

KEEP was our own prison name for dungeons down beneath the prison. It was seldom used now, seldom even opened. I had heard tales, bloodcurdling tales, of its former uses. It was there that prisoners had once been whipped and left to die or survive as nature, or a good God, thought best. Now, only when a prisoner became so refractory that there was no handling him was the keep opened to receive him, and then the punishment was limited by the warden's strict order to ten days. A longer time down in that awful solitude, in that damp and reeking place beneath the earth, would drive men mad. I knew that, if the routine was followed, he would be brought up to the recreation yard at the end of his sentence and allowed a day to recuperate, and I expected to slip over there to take a look at him.

But when the five days passed Pelham didn't show up in the yard, and I discovered that he was in the hospital. Dr. Bellew looked at me curiously when I asked him what condition Pelham was in.

"Terrible," he said. "They ought to fill that damned hole up! It's a survival of the worst days of prisons. Want to see this pet of yours?"

He led the way into one of the locked wards. Pelham was lying on a cot. A rush of pity for the man came over me. Something must be done for him. He turned his face away from me.

"Well, Pelham," I said, "when you get up and around, I'll see what can be done for you. I'm going to have you talk to the warden."

He turned his gaunt face back toward me. "Leave me alone!" he cried, with a pitiful attempt at fierceness, and turned his face away again.

The doctor laughed. "Misplaced kindness," he commented. "Is that enough?"

A few weeks later came another P. O. for Martin Pelham. The keep again. That was inevitable. Ten days—the limit. An unprovoked assault upon a guard! He could really have been placed on trial for his life

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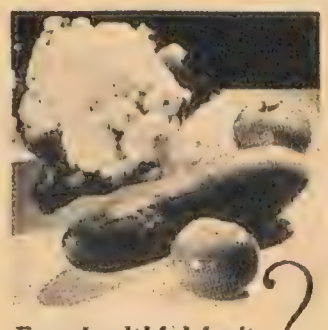

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for that offense. The punishment was the heaviest, outside of that extreme, that could be meted out.

Five days after his P. O. had come to my desk, the warden sent for me.

"Do you know a convict, No. 24443, Martin Pelham?" he rapped out at me.

Surprised, I responded, "Yes."

"He's in the keep," said the warden. "He's a very unruly prisoner. Now he's sent up word that he wants to talk to you. I would like to know what he wants. Have you any idea?"

I suppose, in my astonishment, that I stammered; for the warden looked at me keenly. Finally I managed to say that I had absolutely no idea as to what he wanted.

"Apparently he remembers you for something," said the warden. "They frequently do. A smile, a nod, anything of a friendly nature, they treasure in their minds, and when they crack they want to do their cracking to that friendly face. You listen to what he's got to say and report to me. It might be important."

The entrance to the keep was guarded by a rusty grating flush with the floor, and it was locked. The guard raised it with an iron bar. Dank steps of stone led down into abysmal darkness.

"I'll go first," laughed the guard. "Watch your step."

I started cautiously down the slippery steps, some of them covered with moss. Unconsciously I counted them. When I had made the last, was it thirteen? I shivered in the dampness. The guard held his lantern high and its feeble rays flickered on the walls. Solid stone, dark in patches. The floor, too, was of huge roughly cut stones, placed there by long dead hands of convicts. Around two sides were cells of stone with metal doors in which were bars to admit air.

The guard walked over to one of the cells, and ran his club across the grating of the door. "Hey, you!" he called. "A visitor."

I could see Pelham's gaunt face, his sunken eyes blinking, pressed against the bars. "Oh, it's you? I didn't think they would let you come."

THE guard held the lantern close. "Well, spill your little yarn," he invited.

"When you get out of hearing I will," said Pelham calmly. "I didn't invite you."

The guard didn't know whether he should go or stay. "Go up to the top of the steps and stay," I told him. "But, for God's sake, don't let down that grating, and don't go away! Leave your lantern here."

As the guard climbed up and I knew that I was left down there, the hair on my head actually stood up.

I pitied Pelham, but I wanted to get away. I kept looking over my shoulder into the shadows. "What is it, Pelham?" I asked him quickly. "I haven't much time."

"I know it," he replied. "Will you promise you won't tell a word of it—not a word, even if you don't take me up? I'll take your promise. You've—you've tried to help me. And you didn't report my writing that note. I believe you're square. I thought I could do this thing by myself, but I can't. I must have help."

"What would I tell the warden?" I asked. "He sent me down."

"I have it all worked out," said Pelham. "You tell the warden that I've stumbled on a plot to escape, that I know where there's dynamite hidden in the yard. You see, anything to throw him off. You say that I told you of the plot but refused to give names, and I'll give him a couple of names when he talks to me. It doesn't make any difference what you tell him, just so it isn't what I tell you. It won't be anything you're bound to tell."

I hesitated for a few moments—but I gave a qualified promise. He was quivering with excitement. "Go ahead," I urged him.

He put his face close to the bars and tried to look around. "Hold that lantern up," he directed. "Be sure nobody is here with us." I did as he asked.

"Get every word of this," said Pelham, his whispered voice hoarse. "I am going to trust you—I must have help. There's a quarter of a million dollars in this dungeon."

The man was insane—stark, raving crazy. "Pelham," I began, but he interrupted me. "Wait till I get through," he commanded. I cast a glance back into the shadows and crept closer.

"I CAME in here to get it. I came in deliberately," he began. "I did a holdup job and let them catch me, then pleaded guilty and got the minimum. You see, I had heard the story. From old George Riggs. Only four men ever knew the story, and all are dead. I got it from Riggs—and I killed him afterward."

I started back in horror. "You murdered—"

"Don't break in," said Pelham. "I am very weak and I might collapse at any moment. Certainly I killed him—to keep him from telling the story again. But he hadn't long to live anyway, and he was no loss. He served here himself in the days when this dungeon was really used. George Riggs and his partner, Harvey Rogers, took a hundred thousand in gold from a bank, hid it with their other loot, got caught, and were sent here.

"Then it seemed they would never get out, for they refused to tell where the money could be found and the bank swore to keep them in. Rogers died in prison.

"Riggs finally took two crooked guards of the prison into his confidence. He had a hold on them of some kind—some previous crooked deal, he told me, in which they had been involved. They were to get the loot and were to hide it in this dungeon until they could take it out, share and share. The guards were to work for Riggs's pardon or release, and, if that failed, help him escape."

My curiosity—and, I might as well admit it, my cupidity—was aroused. I let him go on, his sunken eyes burning, his mouth pushed up close to the bars, licking dry lips.

"The guards" (he didn't say screws as would the ordinary convict), "the guards played square with Riggs. Of course, they had to; he had seen to that. They got his

THE ROAD HOG

By T. A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the sixth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

THE road hog represents a very common type of chiseler. He is guilty of selfishness that is often disastrous to himself and others.

The road hog is a potential killer who either crashes into other motorists or crowds them off the road in their effort to avoid a collision.

There is plenty of room on our highways today for every motorist and every car, if drivers will only play fair. The road hog usually knows the rules of the game as well as anybody, but because of selfish indifference or thoughtlessness he ignores the rights of others.

It is no tribute to him that he so often escapes injury. His safety depends a great deal on the ability of others to get out of his way.

Until such time as we succeed in putting the road hog in jail—where he belongs—the only thing to do is to give him a wide berth. He is so used to hogging the road that it requires a hard jolt to get him away from the idea that the highway was constructed especially for his use.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

loot from its hiding place—gold and jewels worth a king's ransom—and smuggled it down here, where it would be safe and they could get at it."

I made a quick rough calculation. "Man," I said, "that's impossible! That would be over three hundred pounds of gold alone."

"I know that," said Pelham impatiently. "Riggs told me how they brought it in. They were the guards in charge of this hell-hole."

"And you want me to get it?"

"I want you to help me," he whispered. "I got an impression of the cell lock the first time I was in here. I made a key, thought everything was fixed—and this time they put me in another cell. I can't stand it. If I get out alive this time, I can't come back here again. It's killing me! You can get at the keys. Get me a key to this cell and I'll divide, half and half."

I gazed back into the man's burning eyes. "You must think I'm a simpleton," I said. "The next move would be your escape." I turned away from the cell, picked up the lantern.

"Come back—come back!" he called hoarsely. "I'll—I'll let you get it."

I turned. "It's back of that wall there—just back of you," he said, pointing.

With the lantern still in my hand, I stepped back to the wall. It appeared to be solid. The guard above saw the bobbing light. "Comin' up?" he called. "Not yet," I called back. "Stay there; I'm all right."

It was comforting to hear the guard's voice. I went back to Pelham.

"YOUR story is not true, Pelham," I told him.

"True as gospel," he declared. "Back of that wall is an old tunnel that had been walled up for years and years. The guards knew about it. They took out a stone, made a cunning entrance, and threw the gold and jewels in there. I'll tell you which one. George Riggs had got himself into the dungeon, and when they had finished, the two guards let him out of his cell to see. In some way he induced them to go in—got their curiosity aroused about a diamond among the loot. They crawled in to examine it—and George Riggs closed the entrance."

"You mean he left them there to die?"

"Don't speak out like that!" cautioned Pelham. "Yes; they died in there. Riggs knew that the entrance couldn't be opened from inside. How do you suppose they could get out? And Riggs's secret was safe. But he still had the problem of getting the money out and getting away.

"And then Riggs was suddenly released from prison." Pelham laughed—a strange, cracked laugh. "Think of that! He had worried because his gold was outside and he was inside. He got it inside and safely hidden—and he was turned outside! The bank people he had robbed had an idea that he could be followed and the money found. But the man kept his secret, for years thought over schemes to get his loot, but they all went wrong. Then, pressed for money, he got in trouble in another state, went to another prison, came out broken, old, ill, and really dying. I had befriended him. He told me his story—and died."

I stood by the cell, stunned. Finally I said, "And now you'll trust me to get it out?"

"Yes," he replied. "I know that I can trust you. I've got to trust somebody. This place is killing me—" Pelham was growing slightly hysterical. "You won't—won't have to tell?"

"I don't know until I think it over. Will you tell me which is the stone?"

"You count eleven from the south wall, then up three stones," he whispered. "Riggs said it can be moved by one man. Of course it can, for he put it back."

"I'll get down here some way again," I told the man. "At least, I'll look for the stone."

I LEFT Martin Pelham then, alone in the darkness of the keep, separated, as he believed, by a stone wall from two skeletons and a great fortune. I reported to the warden. "The man is going insane from punishment," I said. "He told just a wandering tale of his experiences. He had remembered my face."

The warden was satisfied with my report; he had thought it would be something on that order.

That night I slept not one wink. I thought over Pelham's plans. The thing clung to me, slowly worked down my resistance. I had moments when I decided to risk all to get it.

The next day I made cautious inquiry if any one had ever heard a story of two guards disappearing from the prison. Not that day, but the next, I found an old guard, now pensioned in an easy place. He was a garrulous old man and when I asked him my question he remembered perfectly. He even remembered the names. Told of their sudden disappearance.

I delved into musty prison records and found a very brief record of George Riggs. He had been released on a parole issued by the governor.

I waited until Pelham had finished his term in that terrible hole. He was very ill when he was dragged out. Then I went to the captain of the guard. "Captain," I told him, "I lost a ring and I think I dropped it when I went down there in the keep. Any chance to look for it?"

The captain thought there was, and said he would call a guard. "I can look myself," I suggested. "Where's the key? Nobody sent down today?" The captain smiled. No, no one was there now.

I went down into the keep. By a mighty effort I summoned what nerve I had and walked over to the wall. I counted the eleven stones across and three up, then tugged at the stone. I could feel it move.

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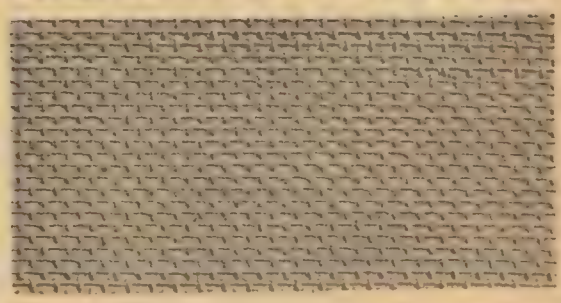

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I flashed my light on the stone, saw rough edges at the bottom, placed my fingers under them and lifted. The stone slipped slightly outward. I clawed at it, lifted again. It came farther, and then I slipped it out from its niche. It was not heavy, was easily handled by one man; but later I saw why it was not movable from the back. It had to slip over a ridge of the lower stone.

Trembling, I brought up my light and flashed it inside, then peered. As I swept the light around, I could see a few bones in one corner—more near the center.

Stooping so that my head was inside, I flashed in the light. What I saw this time set my heart pounding. Scattered over the floor were gold and jewels! In my excitement I started to crawl in, but found the hole too small. It must be that this key stone released another.

I had my head inside when I heard a voice. "Hey!" it called. "You all right?"

I sprang over to the steps. It was the captain, who had dropped around to see that I had not met harm. "I'll be right up," I called back.

How I replaced the stone and got out of the keep I never remembered, but I did. I got the key back to the keeper of the keys and returned to my desk. I asked the chief clerk for the rest of the day off, pleading sickness.

I contrived to get a word with Martin Pelham. He was working in the furniture shop. I went to his guard with the same plea I had with the solitary section guard—that my records were mixed—and he let me talk to Pelham. I was shocked at his appearance after his terrible punishment. He was emaciated, his eyes had a wild look.

"It's true," I told him. "I looked in."

"I knew it was true," he replied, his sunken eyes on my face. "You'll get it? You've got to! I'll be a good convict now, build myself up, and try to make a record. That last spell down there tore me to pieces."

I left him then, still eager to talk.

And now I pondered long over my problem. The money was in gold, three hundred pounds of it, and all those jewels. To bring it out secretly would be hard to do. It must be done at intervals. I would take the jewels first. I would concoct a story of being interested in the keep, ask the warden for permission to explore it, get him mildly interested in it. Then, it might be, I could go in and out without arousing suspicion.

While I was thinking over the problem, testing my plan here and there, I was surprised to see another P. O. on Martin Pelham. Again he was in the keep for five days. It was not for fighting. A serious infraction of the rules—cursing a guard. This time, I knew, he had not committed his offense deliberately.

His shattered nerves must have given way momentarily and he had turned, snarling, at some order.

NERVOUSLY I awaited the end of his sentence so that I might put my plan in effect. It came astonishingly quick. At the end of his third day of imprisonment far down there in the keep, they took him out, a raving maniac. His mind had given way. The doctor said that he was hopelessly insane, and would not live long.

The solitude in that awful place, remorse possibly for his crime, his anxiety over the fortune, his already shattered nerves, had all combined to break down the mind that had conceived the plan of getting into prison to gain a fortune. That he was insane before that I have no doubt, and the story of old George Riggs had swayed the balance.

I saw them take him away to an asylum for the criminal insane. He did not know me as he went through the office.

As the van moved off, Dr. Bellew came back up the steps into the office, dusting his hands.

"There goes your friend," he said to me. "Well, that ends the keep. I've talked to the warden about it and he has ordered it filled up. Thank God, he didn't waste any time. They've started work."

I rushed out into the yard of the prison. Convicts were busy about the old cell house.

I thought wildly of going to the warden, telling him the secret, stopping the work.

And then I saw clearly at last. Such a fortune was cursed for all time. Four dead men, another worse than dead, who would join them soon. Should I risk being the next victim? I would not!

I heard a load of rock go clattering down into the dark hole. Martin Pelham's gold and jewels were safe forever.

THE END

To the Ladies

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1—What is a gazebo?
2—Who was the man who shot President Garfield?
3—Which are the largest four lakes lying wholly within the United States?
4—What was the original name of John Fiske, librarian at Harvard and historical writer?
5—When was Lincoln assassinated?
6—When was the Constitution of the United States adopted?
7—How many planets are there in our solar system?
8—Which one of the states uses the term "hundred" as others use county?
9—Which President of the United States was known as "Old Rough and Ready"?
10—Who is Davy Jones?
11—Who is meant by Tommy Atkins?
12—What are the colors of the French flag?
13—Is there a Jewish flag?
14—What is a cul-de-sac?
15—Why is drinking a health called "drinking a toast"?
16—Who wrote the story Alien Corn?
17—Where and what was the Field of the Cloth of Gold?
18—What is the nebular hypothesis?
19—Who wrote "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
20—Where is the Paraná River?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

by
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first Czar of Russia

F. TRUBEE DAVISON came home from Africa filled with surprise at the nonchalance of the wild beasts and the natives. Elephants, antelopes, Ethiopians—none of them had seen an airplane before, yet they paid not the slightest heed when Mr. Davison zoomed across their Afric sky. It was all he could do to scare them off the fields where he wanted to land. They merely stood and gaped, neither afraid nor impressed.

Airplanes and Africa combine the two activities in which Mr. Davison has distinguished himself. Formerly he bossed the Washington end of our naval aviation. Now he pilots the American Museum of Natural History, wherefrom expeditions go out to Africa and other barbaric ends of the earth, bringing back specimens for science—and tales of tall adventure for friends.

Mr. Davison is one of the increasing number of rich young Americans who work hard and skillfully for the advancement of science. His father was Henry P. Davison, big-shot financier. F. Trubee Davison takes his new job seriously. In the Natural History Museum he goes to school a few hours every day under different professors. He is learning the lore of each department. It may take him some time to graduate, but he is a persisting pupil.

I like his spirit. I like the idea of rich young men devoting themselves whole-heartedly to scientific aims. There they can spend their leisure and their money profitably—to their own profit and to the profit of the rest of us.

● "Beautiful and dumb."

F. TRUBEE DAVISON

The phrase is an old joke now. We use it to describe a certain type of woman. We use it laughingly, for she provokes our mirth as well as our admiration. We do not think of her as a tragic type; she is too pretty. Yet she can be tragic. Some lines of testimony from a recent divorce case prove my point. Though they are sordid, they have significance. The wife defended herself:

"I tried to be highbrow, like him," she said, "but I haven't got the brains. I couldn't do it. So he went his way and I went mine."

Pity her! Starkest of tragic figures in our modern world are the ambitious women and men who have more courage than brains. It is so terrible to realize that your own deficiencies prevent your dreams from coming true!

● A reader sends me this curious suggestion. In the interest of window shopping she advocates one-way sidewalks for big cities. She says:

"I love window shopping. So does nearly every one. The trouble is, we are supposed to keep to the right as we ramble along. That means having a close-up view of the shop windows only when we are going in one direction. When we go the other way we are supposed to take the side next to the curb. In crowded thoroughfares this is necessary. But some people won't follow the rule. We all know how annoying it is to be butted into by oafs who *will* stick to the wrong side of the walk.

"The solution is simple. For one direction, take the side of the street that keeps the windows at your right hand. For the other direction, go across the street and do your ambulating over there."

Personally, I am strong for this reader's scheme; but I don't know how I can help promote it. Like her, I love my window shopping. And like her, I *hate* being butted into by wrong-siders.

● Modern improvements are disturbing to hidden treasure. From Moscow comes a dramatic story of gold and jewels found buried in the walls of a house when Soviet plumbers went to work putting in a new bathroom. I knew that house well.

Before the revolution it belonged to Emil Brokar, a wealthy perfume manufacturer. Confiscated, it was remodeled for the Chinese embassy.

Many Russian homes will yield such hidden treasure in the course of years. An electric wire led to a similar discovery in the house of some Moscow friends of mine. When they fled they walled up a closet room full of jewels, silver, old miniatures, and priceless antiques. The Red army took their house over. A soldier electrician, tracing a bad wire, found the secret room and its hidden fortune.

Here in America, not long ago, at a shop dealing in old Russian art, I saw a number of miniatures that I could swear had come from the home of those Moscow friends of mine.

● For this week's mental stimulation I recommend The Horizon of Experience, A Philosophy for the Modern Man, by C. Delisle Burns. (Published by W. W. Norton & Co.)

● One of the new tie-on aprons of printed silk will put your simplest crêpe or satin dress in the Rue de la Paix class. These crazy aprons are cut all the way up to the neckline. They tie in back, just behind the right ear. They are slit down the middle of the back to show the dress beneath. Two bows fix the wrap-over skirt on the back of the right hip. The wrap-over side of the skirt is a little longer than the piece underneath, giving a very chic line. The top part is cut with a tiny cap effect over the shoulders. This is the smartest transformation trick I've seen in a long while.

With the Green Guard

The FIGHT for

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Being a Tenderfoot's Further

The author in the camp he describes.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of three articles in which Mr. Loomis tells his experiences and impressions as a "Green Guardsman" in CCC camps. As will be seen, he wrote them while the work was going on and he was in the thick of it. The first, telling how he came to be there, appeared in Liberty last week.

WE "woodpeckers" in N.P.-1-C., Estes Park, Colorado, joined the CCC with the idea that we were going out to plant trees. "Plant trees, hell! You're here to chop 'em down!" At least, that's the way it seemed to our gang at first. Now we're getting the idea that we're here to save the forests and that planting trees is only one side of the big job.

My gang—"Tim Coyle" (his real name is Lyell) Mac Burney, Hibler, Durrett, Willie (a Mexican with a smile and a name which we can't pronounce), Bill Jones, Swede, and Barney—was sent out to clear three short trails in the Bear Lake region. At first we didn't get the idea. Then we had a look at Long's Peak, in the distance.

Long's Peak was burned in 1900. Millions of gaunt sticks of branchless timber still stand to warn the careless that fire is a wicked ravager. Though the fire occurred more than thirty years ago, the young growth has not yet attained sufficient height to show much green.

These trails we're making are meant to help speed up fire fighting. The Forest Service men tell me that forest fires wipe out about forty million acres of growing timber a year. They stick to Roosevelt's plan of putting "first things first" and are using these 150 CCC camps to build trails, cut fire lanes, and clear away brush and slash. They tell one that the fire trails the 300,000 CCC men will cut should save enough timber to more than pay for the cost of the camps. I don't know about that. The first five weeks of our outfit cost nearly $2,500 (exclusive of our pay), about half of which went for trucking and hauling. Still, if what we've done some day saves the timber of Estes Park from fire, the money's not wasted.

Smoking while working in the forest is forbidden; but how to smoke safely in the woods is, very sensibly, taught by all the foremen, acting on their own responsibility. Men will smoke anyway, and it is the hastily hidden cigarette that may smolder and start a fire. And neither the foremen nor the "woodpeckers" break their hearts over this time-clock business. For instance, while we were working on these trails, a couple of sections found little work to do, and we met and awaited the third squad at a disused ranger cabin. While waiting we put on an impromptu track meet. The events included jumping, rock put, hurdling, dashes, and swimming in the melted snow that forms Mill Creek. And were my legs stiff next day! Some industrial foremen I have known could learn a lot from the way we are being handled.

Nothing hard-boiled about it. One day Curley, one of Foreman MacDermott's green truck drivers, backed his brand-new truck off the Bear Creek highway and down against a big pine. One foreman I used to work under would have blistered the air and given that scared kid his time. Mac said, "Hard luck, son!" and when the super, Mr. Douglas, arrived with the tackle to get the truck back on the road, he called to Curley, "What's the matter? Need a truck with wings on it? Mac tells me you were a green driver. Well, you've got experience now and you can keep on driving. I'm glad you didn't get hurt."

Another time five men rebelled against the work assigned them by Foreman Bob Row. (Bob's a recent college graduate who studies French every evening.) They walked back to camp and there was a great stew over what was to be done to them. If the CCC were the army, they would have been clapped in the guardhouse

"Green Guardsmen" of the camp at Estes Park, Colorado,

and then given k. p. work. Instead, the super called the five rebels into his tent, one at a time, offered each of them a smoke to set him at his ease, and chatted with him about the work. Finally he put it to each one that they had made a mistake. "Hell, we all make mistakes, don't we? Now you go back on the job and try to do what is asked of you."

That settled the revolution with no hard feelings. Douglas was a major during the war. He has also tramped and ridden all over the Rockies with survey gangs. He knows men. He can be tough when he has to be.

But let's get back to this forest work. We burn the slash. That sounds simple. Foreman Ed Cole had the "easy" job of a forest clean-up beside Bear Lake. He had to raft some of the old logs across the lake to find a spot where it was safe to burn them. Some of his green loggers, with uncalked shoes, took back flips into the icy lake. Hauling them out was more fun than agony, though accompanied by piercing screams on account of the icy waters.

His gang boasted that it had the best job in the camp: it amounted to playing with water and fire, and what man can't enjoy that? In fact, these men, formerly deprived

by BATTELL LOOMIS

the FORESTS

Impressions of Life in the CCC Camps

of opportunity to enjoy life while earning a living, are getting all of the advantages of a summer camp for rich men's sons. Better scenery they could not have, better air they could not breathe, cooler nights they could not enjoy, and if they want any better grub they'll have to go a long way to find it. I was tending toward t. b. when I joined. Now I'm worth my weight in meat to a cannibal.

The fight to save the forests has got us all chasing beetles. These forest cooties bore into the pines and breed under the bark. Forty-five of us worked the first nineteen days at delousing the forest. They had us spotting, cutting, trimming, and peeling the bark from beetle-

Photos courtesy National Park Service

felling and cutting up trees that are infested with beetles.

infested trees, as well as sawing felled trunks into convenient lengths for removal, piling and burning slash and brush, cleaning out old stumps, and generally removing fire hazards. We peeled nearly a thousand trees in that time and cut twelve hundred more. The job cost over $750, not counting our pay.

WE don't have to do much work to prevent erosion here, but Mr. Douglas says that some of the other camps are hard at work on that job. All we've done along that line is to fill in a disused road to prevent gullying. The only trees we've planted so far were done in the job of prettifying and landscaping the setting of the administration building at Estes Park.

This forest business is big-league stuff. The saving to the nation, if vast areas of watershed have been preserved from fire, water, and beetles, can't be reckoned.

Out here in the national parks we have a different sort of job from the CCC units doing regular reforestation work. We aim for landscaping and beautifying along highways rather than for deep forest clearing of rubbish and superfluous trees. The Forest Service aims to increase both the quantity and the quality of the timber produced. Trees are weeded out to leave a stand that gives each tree from three to six feet clearance. This gives them room to grow straight and tall and fairly branchless below the forest's crown, insuring good stands of timber for cutting about once in a hundred years.

Beetles breed beneath the bark. Off with it!

Makes you think of a lot of ants cultivating, say, a field of wheat, which lives longer than the average ant. Yet we know that while *we* may never use a stick of the stuff we're cultivating, our children will need it. And we have used what the past provided. There's an idea there. It takes twenty years to raise a child; that's what holds families together. It takes from forty to a hundred years to raise a forest. Maybe that's the way to hold our country together. It certainly holds the soil.

While we CCC men are doing things to the forests, the forest is doing things to us. We're learning how to handle ourselves and to handle tools. We're not only learning to work in the woods and with wood-cutting instruments—we're learning the first principles of masonry. The jack hammer is putting selected operators through its vigorous vibratory treatment, and some are already so expert that they can sit the handle and let a relaxed leg take the kick of its Gatling-gun action.

THE super, rich in experience, has taught us how to manipulate a stick of dynamite. Despite the use of green hands, no one has been hurt by the blasting—which is done to the rocks that obstruct grade surveys for new horseback (fire-fighting) trails. After the blasts the chunks are rolled into place for use in retaining walls where fills are needed. For the construction of eight miles of such trail Tim Coyle and our gang were established in the first "spike" camp, twenty-one miles from the main outfit.

This is teaching us something about the wilds. We cleared the ground and pitched our own tents, dug a latrine, and set up our own camp kitchen. Not a stone's throw from the camp ground rushes a broad clear stream full of fish and bright with bathing opportunities. It's a two-months job, this trail building in Wild Basin. Many of us were afraid of the night, if alone in it, when we first arrived in camp. When we heard a cowardly coyote whoopie-larruping the mountain echoes, some of the boys trembled and sweated in their shoes. And when a hoot owl went off suddenly, the roots of their hair prickled. One lad feared redskins—but the only redskin in the district is a courteous college lad of the Montana Blackfeet. As a matter of plain fact, the percentage of safety is higher in the wilderness than it is in the settled districts. The only thing to fear out here is loss of courage.

Up in these mountains the boys of the Green Guard are becoming self-reliant. Whatever we are doing to the forests, they are teaching us how to save ourselves.

Where does the CCC go from here? A real question. Mr. Loomis will throw light on it in his concluding article next week.

Making Ol' Ma

The Dramatic Story of an Army Man's Long Battle for Safety Behind the Mississippi Levees

by MEIGS O. FROST

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Here's Ol' Man River on his 1927 record rampage in Louisiana. The picture was taken twenty minutes after he broke the levee.

IN the little cabins down under the levee, they've added new verses—these—to an old song:

Oh, de Mississippi Riveh useter ra'ar an' roar,
But de riveh ain't a-ra'arin' an' a-roarin' no mo'.

Ask de Mississippi Riveh how he goneter run.
Says: "De way I gits ma' ordehs, Gin'ral Ferguson!"

Even the dusky cotton choppers know what is happening to Ol' Man River. They saw him drop miraculously twenty feet a week last year. Ol' Doc Cline, Uncle Sam's weather man at New Orleans, raised bushy gray eyebrows, unbelieving, as he looked at the bulletins.

Natchez is a river flood-gauge key point. There, June 12, the crest of the rise showed 50.4 feet. June 24 it was down to 41.2 feet. July 2 it was 21.1 feet.

Angola, sixty-six river miles below, is another key point. The flood crest there was 48 feet June 14. June 24 it was 42.5 feet. July 5 it was 19.2 feet.

Hallelujah! Bress Gawd! The river was emptying itself like a bathtub when you pull the plug. The Mississippi Valley heaved a sigh of relief. There was a man on the job at last!

What that man carried on his shoulders! All that his chief had dumped on Brigadier General Harley Bascom Ferguson, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, president Mississippi River Commission, was the collected tragi-comic blunders of some 130 years.

The Mississippi is American. It's the greatest river in the richest valley of any modern industrial civilization. The people of the United States long ago undertook to control it. In the course of their efforts, they have written with that river a Comedy of Errors that makes Shakespeare's a five-minute skit by contrast.

The price paid for staging it runs above $1,200,000,000 to date, since 1803, when Thomas Jefferson bought exclusive rights to the damned thing. About $600,000,000 has been spent in damages, and another $600,000,000 in trying to stop further ones.

Landless busted Americans from the overcivilized East of 1803 pushed west into the Louisiana Purchase. That human flood poured into the world's richest valley. Ol' Man River chuckled. He jes' kep' rollin' along. Then, in derision, he hauled off and showed that human flood what a flood really was. He made the valley's population a collective Noah without an ark.

That was the first act of the great Comedy of Errors. The war was on when the second-act curtain rose—the war between the United States of America and the Mississippi River. We're fighting it yet. Cost: around $10,000,000 a year.

Sixty million Americans in twenty-one states have their economic apple carts upset whenever Ol' Man River really starts shooting. The upset may mean only disturbed business routine or slightly lessened income. It may mean rushing for a raft or a levee crest or a railroad bridge after the crevasse comes roaring through, and living there as best you can until the rescue fleet comes along to take you to a refugee camp.

No comedy in that, say you? Right you are. By the time that stage was reached the comedy was coming from the United States Army Engineers. They were doing their best. So were hundreds of enthusiastic, not to say fanatic, civilian experts. The army engineers did this and they did that. They dredged here. They filled there. They demanded levees of Mississippi River Commission grade and standard. They got them. They wove and sank miles of willow mattresses to protect the submerged

n River Behave

bases of those levees. They poured in tons of rock riprap to hold the mattresses in place. They blocked off natural channels. They cut new channels to make the river navigable. They built spur dams. They fought valiantly to keep the stream from taking short cuts through the places where it had formed so many gigantic letter S's. They poured in tons of concrete by the thousand. Latterly they began to build spillways.

Always they spent millions of dollars. What else could they do? The valley was howling. Congress kept on appropriating. Each year the Rivers and Harbors Bill looked more like the county fair's prize-winning fat sow, its predecessor like a runty razorback.

Meanwhile Ol' Man River flowed propped up between levees that yearly grew more mountainous. He was braced in position here, buttressed in a narrow cell there. He was personally conducted to the sea through a twist-

And here is the man who has put a stop to flood-time rampages of the Mississippi. He is Gen. Harley Bascom Ferguson, an army engineer. After 130 years of others' failures he has succeeded.

GETS SPEEDY RELIEF FROM BURNING EYES!

When eyes burn from reading, sewing or office work, or from exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It *instantly* eases the burning sensation and quickly puts an end to the heavy, tired feeling! *Murine* is approved by *Good Housekeeping Bureau*, costs less than a penny an application, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Write Murine Company, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A very good REASON

Why Liberty carried more advertising pages than any other Canadian magazine during 1933 was due to the fact that more advertisers reached more people in Urban Canada at lower advertising cost.

A miniature test of dikes for use on Ol' Man River, as it was made at the Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg for General Ferguson by Lieut. Herbert Vogel (in circle)

ing, lazy, walled-in channel. He kept filling the bed of it with thick silt, chewing at his banks with his sharp-toothed current. As the channel silted higher, the levees were built higher. Presently, in high water, river craft and ocean steamers were plowing serenely along, level with the second floors of the big plantation houses behind the levees. A crevasse, which is a break in the levee, was a miniature Niagara Falls.

No comedy in this? Plenty! It was full of gag lines now. They were the reassuring bulletins the big brass-hats issued. The river was getting safer and safer, more and more under control.

Then Ol' Man River chuckled and pulled his 1927 flood—highest, greatest, most disastrous of them all.

President Coolidge sent Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, to give a look. He stood on a Louisiana levee near a crevasse and gazed at the flooded land. The valley was waiting to hear what Washington was going to do. George Healy, now city editor of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, then staff correspondent, stood waiting to carry the good news from Ghent to Aix.

"What can you tell us, Mr. Secretary?" he asked.

Hoover pondered; shook his head.

"Isn't this terrible!" said he. That was all.

Healy stripped off coat, shirt, shoes, and laid them at the feet of George Akerson, then assistant to the Secretary. "Watch 'em, George," he said, "while I tell the world."

He dived off the levee, swam to a submerged telephone exchange where the girls had moved the switchboard to the roof, and got his office. No murder mystery he ever covered equals, for George, the mystery of how his office still has a telephone after what the editor said.

The valley had beaten the Great Engineer to the discovery that this was terrible. Thousands were being ferried to refugee camps amid soaked mattresses and blankets, bedraggled chickens, mournful hound pups. The drowned cows and hogs, horses and mules were floating astern. The flivver was rusting on a raft roped to a tree.

The second act of the great Comedy of Errors was over, with a tragic wallop to throw it into high relief.

The third-act curtain rose on a gaunt pipe-smoking North Carolinian with a memory. He remembered a day when he was about twelve. He had stood on the bank of Raccoon Creek on his father's farm in Haywood County. He had watched a "Nigra" with a mule hitched to an old bull-tongue plow taking a short cut up the bed of the creek. After they passed, the boy had watched, fascinated, what the water was doing to the creek bed where the old plow had gouged. He never forgot it. He remembers things like that.

HIS name was Harley Bascom Ferguson. He got to West Point; was graduated in 1897, a second lieutenant of Engineers. He served in the Spanish-American War, in the Boxer Rebellion in China, in the Philippines. Outside the service, nobody much heard his name until 1910 and 1911. Then—just to remind you—he was the man who, when nobody else wanted the job, went quietly down to Havana and raised the Maine from her bed in the ooze of Havana's harbor. In due time he went to France with Pershing and, an A. E. F. brigadier general of Engineers, won the Distinguished Service Medal.

He was, and is, one of those quiet, nonspectacular, hard-working officers. Solid. Profound technical knowledge. Loads of plain horse sense. In the

Army Engineers for years, when there has been an engineering problem that didn't have any answer in the back of the book, the big shot of the moment has said to his adjutant, "Send for Fergie." That kind of a man.

Back in 1930 the call came down the line to the Engineers for certain qualified officers to submit plans for the control of Mississippi River floods, as a memorandum for the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors. The plans came in. Only one struck out on a new uncharted path. It came from Norfolk, Virginia. It was signed "H. B. Ferguson, Colonel, Corps of Engineers; Division Engineer, South Atlantic Division." Peacetime eagles had replaced the wartime stars on the Ferguson shoulders.

Presently he was a brigadier general again, and was notified officially he was the new president of the Mississippi River Commission. They chuckled in the army, some of them, at the tale of the day he reported in Washington to Major General Lytle Brown, Chief of Engineers. General Brown is a Tennesseean—another of those gaunt pipe-smoking men from the hills. He and Ferguson faced each other through the pipe smoke. All Ferguson said was, "Do you want me to write a book or fix a river?"

General Brown grinned through the haze.

"Fergie," he said, "you get the hell out of here and go fix that river."

THAT was all General Ferguson needed. He took over his new job June 15, 1932. In his memory was a clear picture of Raccoon Creek. He was going to apply what he had first learned on that tiny creek to the mightiest river on the continent.

There are twenty-minute-boiled old die-hards in the service who snort at the mention of his name.

"Fighting the Mississippi River with mud puddles and mud pies and ping-pong balls, by Gad! Harrrummmph!"

At Vicksburg, Mississippi, Uncle Sam owns a little plot of 140 acres holding a forty-acre artificial lake. It is the United States Waterways Experiment Station. The director is a brilliant young engineer, First Lieutenant Herbert Vogel, a highly educated specialist in hydraulics. He and his station are under General Ferguson's command. There they work daily miracles.

That station cost some $500,000 to build and operate. It has saved the American taxpayer somewhere between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000 in the past couple of years, by proving with miniature river models exactly what the Mississippi River will and won't do.

Because of that station, for the first time in the 130 years Uncle Sam has owned the stream, Ol' Man River has ceased to be the sinister, chuckling, malevolent old demon of the valley, with a wicked will all his own.

Last year when the river emptied

A Secret
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The fashionable silhouette simply cannot be denied these days . . . so NOVASILK meets today's modes with trim, sheath-fitting underthings . . . so sheer . . . so delightfully dainty and personal for wear under the form-revealing fashions of the year.

The secret of NOVASILK popularity is in its soft, caressing finish . . . its permanent Lastex top . . . its durability and sheerness. You would never believe that fabric so dainty and exquisitely feminine could be so resistant to long wear and constant washings.

You can buy NOVASILK lingerie in all the comfortable, appealing styles of the season. So reasonably priced, too, that the possession of such charming underthings no longer need be a drain on your budget.

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itself of its yearly flood at a rate that set a new all-time speed record—and the accurate records go back to 1871—forward-looking engineers the world over pricked up their ears and opened their eyes. They knew something had happened and a man was back of it. Staff men of engineering publications headed for Vicksburg. They have seen. They are convinced. The verdict of competent engineers not in the United States Army is that if the die-hards and the red-tape boys don't rope and hog-tie General Ferguson, he'll finish the job so it will stay finished.

Competent engineers in civil life have told the writer that General Ferguson has done the first original thinking to be applied to the Mississippi River since Uncle Sam started fighting it. He scrapped as worthless the bulk of what engineers had written about it.

"They start off," he said, "with 'He told me this,' and wind up with an accurate misfire."

He started off afresh with the Mississippi itself. He "got his dope hot out of the feed box," as the horse-race gentlemen say.

"The river wants to get out. Delay it and it raises hell. All right. Let it out."

Next he reasoned, "A river is water. Water is wet. It is either moving or standing still."

Even a Congressman could get that.

"Water's movement depends on the depth of the water and the slope of the stream bed. In a stream of flowing water there is a definite relation between the velocity and the slope and the hydraulic depth, which in a river of this size may be taken as the average depth."

That may sound elemental and prosy. But human lives and millions of dollars hung in the balance as he sat there thinking, dragging on his black old brier. He summarized it again in the curt idiom of the hills:

"The river wants out. Let it out!"

For generations the army engineers had been holding it back! Crazily winding channels, silt deposits, outcrops of clay that formed natural dams, all had helped. Maintenance ran around $10,000,000 a year. True, there was some $140,000,000 left of the $325,000,000 Coolidge administration Flood-Control Act appropriation. But fourteen years would wipe that out for maintenance alone.

"Get your maintenance down or it will kill you some day."

How? Dredges and dredging cost millions. General Ferguson recalled the waters of Raccoon Creek working on a sandy bed stirred by a bull-tongue plow. He recalled Savannah harbor, where he had watched river current and tidal ebb and flow work on channels his dredges had opened. He drew a lungful of pipe smoke and nodded. That was it! He went out to get more facts from the river itself.

One of the world's greatest natural power plants, it dawned on him, was using its power destructively or letting it go to waste. The tremendous power of the Mississippi's current could beat fleets of dredges. In measured horse power, from Greenville, Mississippi, to the Gulf, the Mississippi River equaled seven Niagara Falls. From Vicksburg to the Gulf it equaled two and a half Niagaras. For one horse power is approximately one cubic foot of water falling eleven feet. That made each twenty-foot fall of the Mississippi at flood stage equal one Niagara. He had a 140-foot drop from Greenville to the Gulf. Seven Niagaras going to waste right there in the lower valley where it was needed most. "Put it to work."

HOW? Out came the dredges for work in the river itself to prove what the river could do. They proved that when you dredged a channel fifty feet deep, and had a slope of two tenths of a foot a mile, the river itself would keep its own channel scoured clean of both heavy sand and heavier gravel. Ol' Man River could carry his own load. For the first time in history, Ol' Man River was put to work doing it, under an intelligent boss.

It was a gigantic engineering problem yet. One new method wasn't enough. The total flow of the Mississippi River system in high water is about 3,000,000 cubic feet a second at the mouth of the Arkansas River. That's 20,000,000 gallons of water a second. If anything halts that much rushing water, somebody gets wet.

"The river wants out. Let it out!"

So, deliberately, General Ferguson began to cut through the gigantic letter S that sprawled in three ten-mile strokes at Diamond Point between Vicksburg and Natchez. He was doing what engineers had spent millions to prevent.

It was January 8, 1933, that General Ferguson dynamited the last barrier of the Diamond Point Cut-off.

Ferguson was gambling with fate, many believed. So, with a gesture at crap-shooters' luck, he picked 11:07 A. M. that day as the minute to set off the charge.

Ol' Man River hurled 402,000 cubic feet of water a second through that two-mile short cut. Ferguson had spent some $500,000 in dredging and other work there. He had lowered the Mississippi from a foot and a half to two feet at that point right now.

Glasscock Cut-off, Giles Bend Cut-off, Yucatan Cut-off followed rapidly. The river flood went roaring down to the Gulf as never before. Not a crevasse.

"I was fighting for something I could measure," explains General Ferguson. He got it. Even a layman could understand when he explained that the 1927 flood, the all-time record holder, could now roll past Vicksburg's river-wall defenses with two feet safety margin to spare.

He studied the great Atchafalaya outlet to the Gulf. In flood yearly, he had found, the river's main channel was carrying some 2,000,000 cubic feet of water a second past New Orleans. It was too much. The Atchafalaya was carrying only some 1,000,000 cubic feet a second. It was too little. He started dredging operations on the lower Atchafalaya to make it carry its share. He started dredging on those natural dams in the river bed.

"Enlarging the capacity of the river at the lower end," he explained patiently, "gives greater capacity during floods. More important, it permits a greater flow during earlier periods of rising river. Therefore it leaves the vast storage capacity of the river valley itself and its backwater areas available for receiving water without overflowing, near the crest of the flood."

Shucks, even a two-acre farmer could understand this!

Bathroom Etiquette Demands a Quality Toilet Tissue

WORTHY of your lovely, modern bathroom is the high quality of White Swan Tissue. Its pure whiteness, downy softness and high absorbency are noticed and appreciated. In 750-sheet and recess size rolls. Sterilized to assure absolute safety. Sold everywhere.

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HULL
Canada

The boy who grew up on a North Carolina hill farm had farmers like these in mind when he said: "It is kinder to a man to drown him outright than to let him work and sweat building up his farm about fifteen years, and then wash away everything he has built and saved."

Millions of valley farmers understood this talk.

Step by step General Ferguson was charting his way at the Vicksburg experiment station. There, in concrete, exact miniature models of the river are made. Airplane photographs, exact recorded soundings and measurements give the figures. The miniature river, dry, is lined with the material taken from banks and bed of that section of the river itself. Then the water is turned in, and depth and current are measured by delicate instruments. Lieutenant Vogel and his staff can run a flood a day, if they want. They can learn in advance exactly what the real river will do to its banks and bed after a cut-off is made, spur dams built, revetments laid.

"Scientific simulation," they call it. With it they have learned how to make the river itself build up great blanket sand bars to protect its own banks; how to make it cut channels where they are needed, and keep them scoured clean for navigation.

Those are the "mud puddles and mud pies" at which the die-hards snort. And the die-hards nearly exploded in purple spatters when they heard of men watching the muddy water of a flume to spot where ping-pong balls bobbed to the surface. That was the way the station learned where the current bit and chewed holes in riprap protective works, and why.

General Ferguson personally rode the river rise of March, 1934, from Greenville, Mississippi, down the main river to New Orleans and out through the Atchafalaya River to the Gulf in his inspection steamer the General Newton. This is the historic flood battle ground. He found the river lower than during any previous spring rise in thirty years. This was partly due to light spring rains in the north, but largely due to eight cut-offs —one made by the river itself and seven made by Ferguson between Greenville and Natchez—and to five deep cuts in the Atchafalaya River outlet channel, speeding the rise out to sea.

Ferguson spent some $6,000,000 on these cut-offs, saving $18,000,000 on revetment work that would otherwise have been necessary.

HIS official report after his inspection, to Secretary of War Dern and General Markham, shows the Mississippi River safer and more navigable than ever before, with chances a thousand to one against any 1934 flood. But should a flood come, the river could now handle without disaster one equal to that of 1927.

The $325,000,000 flood-control act of 1928 was passed to cover a ten-year program making the valley safe. Ferguson has $100,000,000 of this left, and has until 1938 to tie up all loose ends.

Ol' Man River is licked at last. The man who did it smokes his black old brier and grins his slow grin when you ask him if that isn't true. "Well, there isn't going to be any flood to do any damage," he admits. "Can't lick the Mississippi. Fight that river, it'll crush you. Got to guide it."

Let him have it his way. Guided or fought, the river stays behind the levee. Cities, towns, plantations, farms are safe. That's all the valley wants to know. The Mississippi takes its orders today from General Harley Bascom Ferguson.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA** by Walter Duranty, selected and arranged by Gustavus Tuckerman, Jr., with a personal note by Alexander Woollcott. The Viking Press.

An invaluable book, though the author does not conceal his admiration for the Soviets; a source book for future historians.

★ ★ ★ **THE MAKING OF THE MODERN JEW** by Milton Steinberg. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

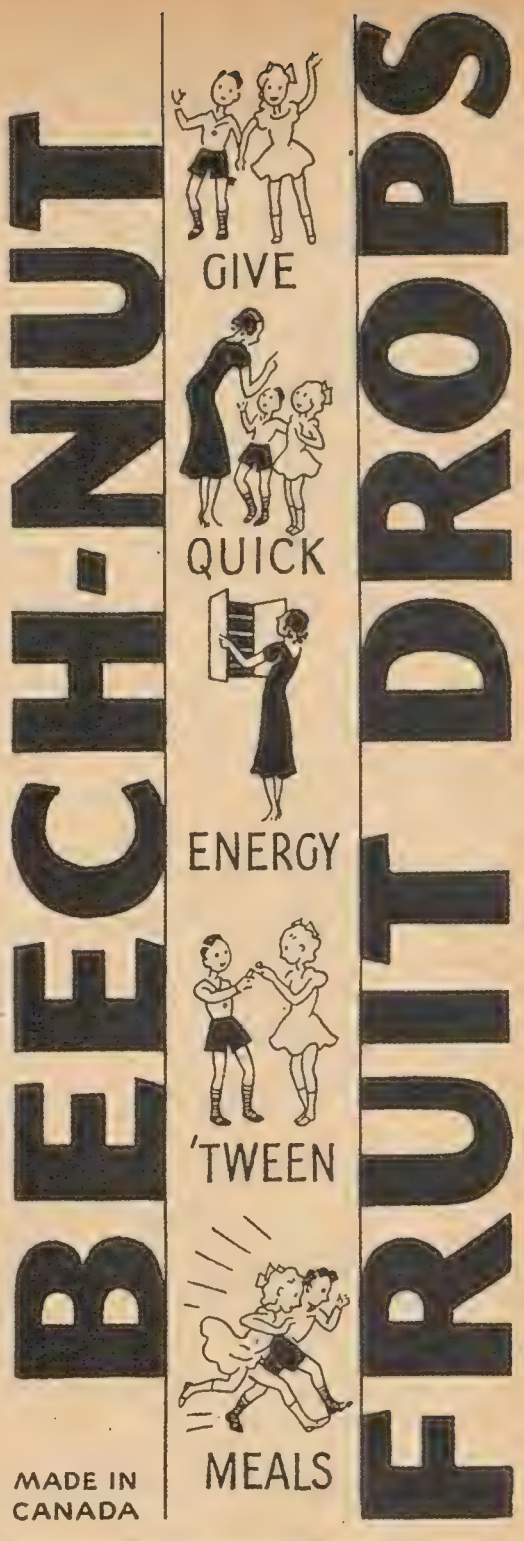
A history that is not a "history book"—the evolution of the Jews, why they were not assimilated, why they did not become extinct in the face of expulsion, massacre, and ostracism.

★ ★ ★ **MODERN GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL GARDENING** by M. G. Kains. Greenberg.

More experienced information about your immediate landscape and its fashioning than you can absorb in a year.

AMELIA EARHART SAYS:

I nominate three recent books which I particularly enjoyed. They are Angels and Amazons, by Inez Irwin; Prohibit Poverty, by P. M. Martin; and Eda Elizabeth, by Sigrid Undset.



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10 P. M.

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KNEES WOULD LET HER DOWN

Rheumatism for 12 Years

Here is a letter that goes to prove that even rheumatism of long standing can be relieved by the right treatment:—

"I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for some 12 to 14 years now and have foolishly taken no steps to relieve it. My particular form of rheumatism seemed to take the use out of my hands and knees. The latter would suddenly give way and let me down unless a chair or table were handy. All at once, I determined to give Kruschen Salts a trial—a bona fide trial—and now I feel a re-created being. I can scarcely believe that so short a time ago I was hobbling along with a stick."—(Mrs.) M. L. P.

Kruschen is effective against rheumatism because its six salts stimulate the liver and kidneys to regular action. When these organs are working efficiently, they rid the body of excess uric acid. And when uric acid goes, those aches and pains go, too.

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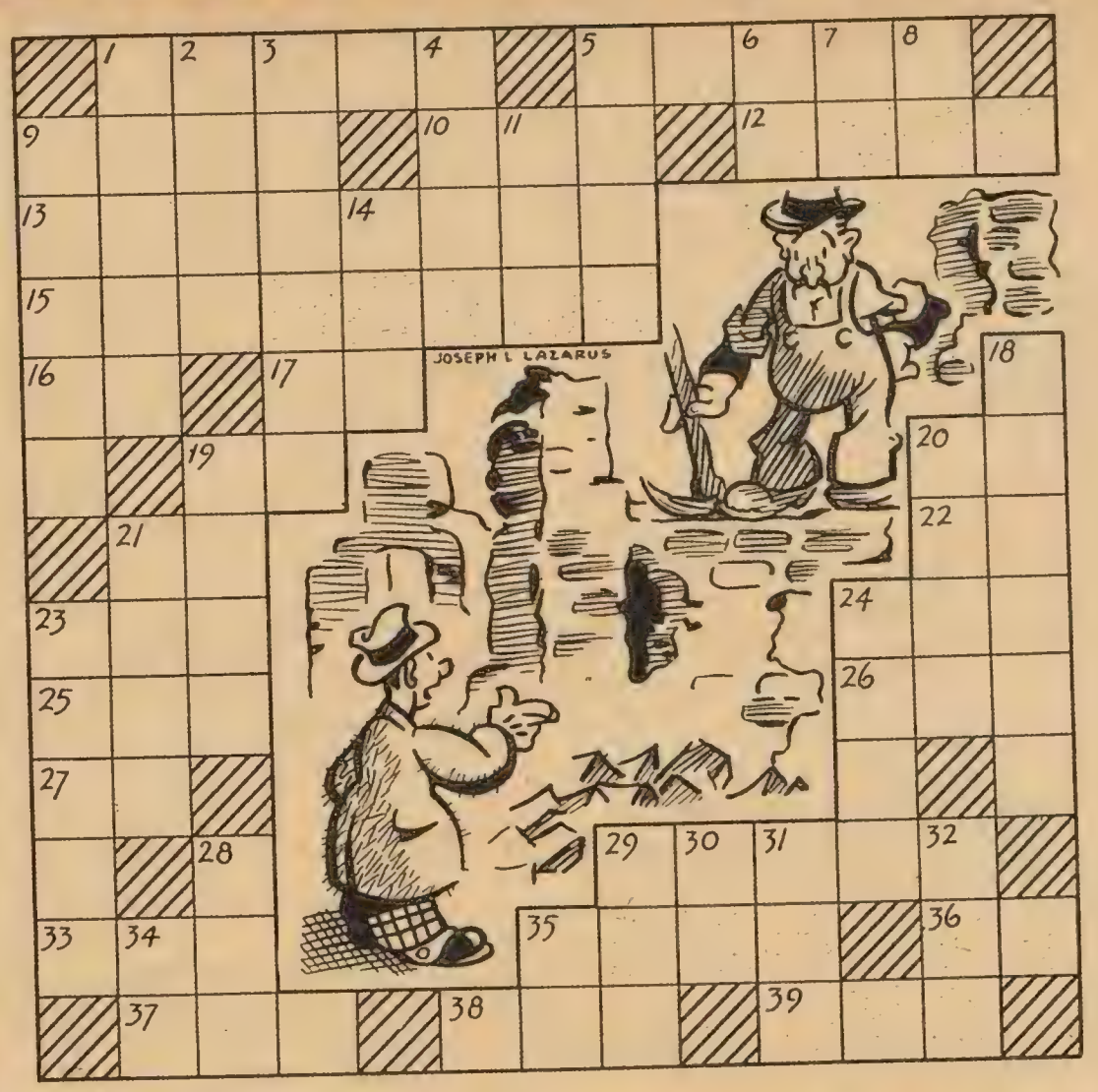
CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Pleasing to the palate
5 To mingle
9 Take a definite shape
10 To row
12 Knowledge
13 Position
15 Replaced
16 Printer's measure
17 Man's nickname
19 Baseball player (abbr.)
20 Sun god
21 Exclamation of surprise
22 Gold color (heraldry)
23 A number
24 To wander about idly
25 Unit of energy
26 Bustle
27 Born (French)
29 Scrapes
33 Definite article
35 Reside
36 Provided
37 Corrode
38 Supplicate
39 A seaman

VERTICAL

1 A symbol among savages
2 Professions
3 Those who forge with hammers
4 Possessive pronoun
5 Raised
6 Definite article (Sp.)
7 A word of negation
8 Debtor (abbr.)
9 Traveler
11 Suffix: action
14 Thou (French)
18 Forgive
19 Canticle
20 Public passage
21 Hither
23 A doctrine
24 To catch the breath convulsively
28 Meadow
29 To fit shrouds, stays, etc., to a mast
30 Annos vixit (abbr.)
31 To render motionless
32 Title of respect
34 Pronoun
35 Definite article (French)

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

SIN, SONG, and SENTIMENT

A Doctor of Crime Suspects His Wife, the Scandals Emerge as a Film, Sorrell and Son Come to Life on the Screen, and a Promising Newcomer Arrives

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ THE CRIME DOCTOR

THE PLAYERS: Otto Kruger, Karen Morley, Nils Asther, Judith Wood, William Frawley, Donald Crisp, J. Farrell MacDonald, Willie Fung, and others. Directed by John Robertson.

OTTO KRUGER, who spent two months on the M.-G.-M. lot before any one knew he was there, is now one of the busiest actors in Hollywood and apparently on his way to becoming a rival of Clark Gable, George Raft, and Robert Montgomery. His only handicap is the notion, prevalent among producers, that Kruger is concealing something. His rôles invariably make it necessary for him to indicate an unhappy past, morbid jealousy, or nervous hypochondria. In The Crime Doctor his ailment is jealousy.

The picture is an unusually well planned and well executed murder story. Kruger is a private detective successful enough to live in a ten-room country house. When he suspects his wife (Karen Morley) of cheating with a gun collector (Nils Asther), he takes cautious and cold-blooded steps to correct the situation.

The formula for reviewing murder pictures, of course, is to follow the narrative up to the point at which ten suspects have been introduced and then drop the subject, trying hard to leave the reader with the impression that he should be grateful to you for not having spoiled his enjoyment if he sees the picture, and for not having bored him with an account of it if he doesn't. In the case of a story which follows the formula of The Crime Doctor this method is a little difficult to apply, since the audience thinks it knows who commits the murder and the suspense consists not in finding out whether he will get away with it but whether he wants to do so. Karen Morley—a girl we have liked ever since, in Arsène Lupin, she sat up in bed with no clothes on—has nothing much to do except look enigmatic. A Chinaman named Willie Fung, who looks like Charles Laughton with jaundice, managed in two brief scenes to exhibit a sinister blandness which should soon make him Hollywood's leading Oriental valet. Good shot: Kruger explaining to his wife, when he gets home from a business trip, why he has had her shadowed by detectives.

★★½ GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

THE PLAYERS: Rudy Vallee, Jimmy Durante, Alice Faye, Adrienne Ames, Gregory Ratoff, Cliff Edwards, Dixie Dunbar, George White, and others. Directed by George White.

The difference between this and all the other musical comedies you have seen seems to be that the Scandals is imitating its predecessors with one hand and trying to parody them with the other. The parody does not get very far. In one sequence Jimmy Durante engages in a long dialogue with a duck. In another he rehearses a group of chorus girls armed with dogs. Aside from these comparatively unhappy interludes, the Scandals is merely another overelaborate musical show, with more songs, dirtier gags, and fewer clothes than most. It can be rudely summarized as follows:

Plot: Back-stage romance.

Songs: Hold My Hand, Sweet and Simple, You Nasty Man, My Dog Loves Your Dog, So Nice, and Six Women.

● Karen Morley and Otto Kruger in The Crime Doctor, in which Kruger plays the part of a jealous sleuth.

● George White's Scandals makes its film debut. The photograph shows Jimmy Durante and Dixie Dunbar.

NUMBER THIRTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... *but in your head!*"

IMAGINARY FEARS RACED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THIS PATIENT'S MIND . . . AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF PROPER MARRIAGE HYGIENE

Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

" 'Doctor . . . it's heart trouble' . . . these were her first grim words as she walked in.

"And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

" 'The trouble, madame,' I said, 'is not with your heart but in your head.'

"Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

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"Lysol" antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose."

(*Signed*) DR. HELENE STOURZH

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E. S. T. . . . WEAF and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up

Best shot: Jimmy Durante in blackface, singing a mammy song.

Worst shot: A fan dance by a member of a chorus of performing children called the Meglin Kiddies.

Rudy Vallee moves through the proceedings with a wan ingratiating smile, making feeble efforts to be funny while crooning The Man on the Flying Trapeze. George White, credited with the story, dances better than he writes. The entertaining surprise of the picture is Alice Faye, with her hair bleached and her eyebrows remodeled, in the rôle originally intended for Lilian Harvey. She proves to be more entertaining as a movie actress than as one of the principals in a divorce suit and does a good job on a song called You Nasty Man.

★★ SORRELL AND SON

THE PLAYERS: H. B. Warner, Peter Penrose, Hugh Williams, Winifred Ahotter, and others. Directed by Jack Raymond.

If you liked the novel by Warwick Deeping from which this production was adapted you will probably like the picture. It is a curiously faithful transcription of a narrative which for Hollywood contained no picture possibilities at all—the story of a father's self-sacrificing devotion to his son. Stephen Sorrell (H. B. Warner) is a captain in the British army. After the war his wife leaves him, and he, reduced to poverty, sets out to make a way in the world for himself and young Christopher Sorrell. How he accomplishes it makes a picture which is at times touching, at other times painfully phony, and at all times earnest, sentimental, and ingenuous. H. B. Warner's acting is about as good as it could be.

The fact that Charles Laughton won the Academy prize for his performance as Henry VIII is merely one more indication of the fact that movies produced in England no longer need a time allowance when compared to our own. Since the public here is larger and more profitable, it is also clear that British producers will presently start operating specifically for the American market. In this connection a picture like Sorrell and Son is an example of something which both movie and theatrical producers find unaccountably difficult to understand: the fact that British and American audiences have totally dissimilar tastes.

According to its intentions Sorrell and Son is probably a first-rate job, but, like several plays which succeeded in London and failed in New York last winter, it will seem to American audiences too slow and too soft in its key for any production which has, basically, so little to say. British producers eager to make drama about the relations of parents with their children might do well to remember that the problem was solved by Hollywood long ago. Having the child grow up to be a doctor, like Christopher Sorrell, fits the formula. Such a child should be supported by its mother, not its father, and she should be a kind-hearted streetwalker, not the porter in a small hotel.

★★ WHARF ANGEL

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Dell, Preston Foster, Victor McLaglen, Alison Skipworth, David Landau, and others. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and George Somnes.

This picture is distinguished from others of its type by the fact that it introduces a new actress of considerable charm. So far as we know, no Russian bishop has said prayers for Dorothy Dell. She speaks English as though she had learned it, with a faint Mississippi accent, at some early age. Her face is capable of changing its expression without suggesting that the director has been forced to use a monkey wrench.

With this preamble, it is possible that the company's pride in its latest discovery will not be too severely injured if this department suggests that the picture selected for her début is a piece of dreadful junk.

Wharf Angel, as its title may have led you to guess, is one more anecdote of love among the dock rats. Miss Dell plays the noble streetwalker, a rôle long regarded as traditional for an actress's first appearance as a leading lady.

Among the other unreasonable impositions which Wharf Angel makes upon the credulity of its audiences is a narrative which shows two able-bodied seamen (McLaglen and Foster) who, after a voyage to China, in which their time has been spent exclusively in discussion of their home work, return without being aware that they both love the same girl.

Possibly the fact that even Alison Skipworth is unable to inject any life into the rôle of the proprietress of the absurd water-front dive in which the action of Wharf Angel takes place may give you some notion as to the quality of the picture.

The fact that it is worth seeing may give you some notion as to the quality of Miss Dell.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII.

★★★—As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones.

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FISHERMAN'S LUCK

A Sprightly Story of Irish Hearts and a Beggarman's Blessing

by

W. A. S. DOUGLAS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE following was copied fifteen years ago from the fly book of Samuel Dougherty, salmon angler and tackle maker to Sir Francis Macnaghten, Baronet, of Bushmills in the County Antrim, Ireland. Dougherty christened the fly here described "Prince of Breffni." The date of his own memorandum is July 16, 1883.

PRINCE OF BREFFNI SALMON FLY

Two turns of gold tinsel.
Tail—Golden pheasant topping.
Body—Dark purple seal's fur under narrow gold tinsel.
Hackle—Jay's wing.
Wings—Jungle cock over very dark gray mallard over mixed red and blue macaw.
Head—Finished with peacock herl.

REAR ADMIRAL DUDLEY CREIGHTON was in the vilest of tempers. For near a month now he had been whipping the little bit of the Oranmore River which he had rented for thirty days at a pound a day. And a pound a day, let me tell you, means something to a retired sailor with himself and four old-maid sisters to support on nothing but a pension. Nary rise had the salmon given him, not even a nod. Cursing with a fluency gathered during forty years of almost continuous sea service, the admiral threw himself down on the grass beside his angler's basket and his rod and began savagely to fill a cracked and blackened brier pipe.

A few yards away another old man had been taking his ease—Phelim O'Rourke, dean of Irish beggarmen, known through the length and breadth of the island as the laziest man in it but, at that, one of the smartest. It takes brains to be a good beggarman, particularly when times are as bad as they are today.

"This was never good salmon country, your Honor," observed Mr. O'Rourke, "and there must be something about the Oranmore River that the fish don't seem to care for. But if you won't mind a compliment from me, Mr. Dudley, you're one of the very finest cursers I ever listened to. I don't think you repeated yourself one single time. You must have given a lot of time and study to the art."

The admiral's pipe was drawing now and a smile spread slowly over his rugged wind-bitten face.

"If I'd had as much time on my hands all my life as you've had, Phelim," he said, "I probably would be much better at it. I know the Oranmore is a poor salmon river, but I can't afford to rent any better. I've tried about every fly on this bit of water—the Jock Scott, the Doctor, the Blue Collie, the Princess, and the Butcher. The fish are as lazy as you are and as slow to anger."

"Did you ever think," asked the beggarman, "to tease them with the Prince of Breffni?"

"I don't know the fly," said the admiral.

"I didn't think you would. It's my own invention and that's why I call it the Prince of Breffni. The O'Rourkes, you might know, were at one time the Princes of Breffni."

"If I didn't know," answered the sailor, "it wouldn't be for the want of your telling me. Man and boy have I listened to that bit of blarney from you. As long ago as before I went to sea I remember you flummoxing my father out of a well deserved jail sentence for poaching by telling him what a sad thing it would be for an O'Rourke to go to prison."

● It was just at that moment that Lady Greenway heard a voice behind her: "Give me that rod, Isabel!"

"Maybe I touch on it so often because it's the only thing about me to be proud of," said the old beggarman somewhat plaintively, so plaintively in fact that the sailor, a soft-hearted man under all his gruffness, was sorry he had spoken.

"Here's sixpence for enough stout to forget what I said," he called, tossing the coin into the air. It was caught in expert fashion.

"And now, about this salmon fly?"

"I could make it for you right here in this field," said Mr. O'Rourke. "That is, all but the most important part, the peacock herl. There's only one place in all Ireland where you can get peacocks with the right twitter in the herl. That's on John Devine's farm on the road between Downhill and Coleraine."

"Up in the County Derry," observed the admiral. "Well, it's not worth while to even send for it. My rental on this strip of river will be up day after tomorrow. When will you be wandering into that part of the country where you find the right sort of peacocks?"

"I'll be in Ulster maybe inside of the next two or three weeks, and I'll make for Devine's and tie you three flies with my own hands. Where will I send them to, your Honor?"

"The Kildare Street Club in Dublin. What are you going to charge me?"

"Not a penny," answered the wily beggarman, "not a penny, Mr. Dudley."

"I'll give you two shillings apiece, you old rogue," laughed the sailor. "Three down and three when I get them. Gad, talking of Coleraine, I'd like to be fishing the Bann River right now. That's where you find the salmon!"

The admiral stared across the water. He was silent, thinking back a long, long road.

"It's the Bann for salmon," he said at last. "I lost the only girl I would ever have married over the salmon in the Bann."

"You mean you fished too much and courted too little?" queried Mr. O'Rourke, who loved to hear tell of romances. "Well, there's few women would care to have a salmon put ahead of them, noble fish and all as it is."

"I SUPPOSE not, I suppose not," mused the old sailor. "She was the great girl for hunting, or golf, or stone-wall jumping, or even shooting, but I'll be damned if I could get her interested in fishing. The man that took her away from me was the smart fellow. He was one of those Belfast linen weavers with lashings and lashings of money. He owned this piece of the Bann River, and a whole crowd of us were staying at his house about four miles outside of Coleraine.

"What does the man do, knowing my weakness, but insist that I have the only rod on the river! The devil tempted me and I fell. A naval lieutenant without a penny to his name offered the finest salmon fishing in Ireland all to himself! I neglected the girl to the extent that she came down to the river bank one afternoon to have it out with me. Her or the salmon it had to be. I was just playing a beauty, sixteen pounds; fought the fish for a quarter of an hour. I told her to run away from me till I was finished. What did she do but throw the engagement ring in my face! And that night, before I had a chance to square things up with her, she accepts this Johnnie Greenway."

"You're not by any chance meaning Sir John Greenway of Knockanboy?" asked Mr. O'Rourke.

"That's the very man," said the admiral.

"You'll know he's dead, then?"

"Indeed I did not. It's a rare day when I get up to Ulster. So Johnnie Greenway's dead? And his widow owns that fine piece of salmon fishing that she and I fell out over. Gad, I wish I could afford to rent it from her!"

"Perhaps she'd give you the rod free, just for old times' sake," hinted the beggarman. "I know the lady well and I'd take her any message you'd care to give me."

"Give her my regards," the sailor told him, "but if you do any cadging in my name I'll have you thrown in jail the next time I find you drunk, and kept there pretty near permanent. Now I mean that, Phelim."

"I'll not demean you in any way, your Honor. I'll just tell her ladyship how we ran across each other here and the poor fishing luck you'd been having."

The sun was going down in a final blaze of golden glory and Admiral Creighton picked up his rod and empty basket. He said good night to Mr. O'Rourke and was on his way to his lonely quarters at the village inn. Through his mind there was passing the vision of a golden-haired girl, her little fists clenched in anger, standing on the bank of the Bann River so many, many years ago.

"Me or the fish. Make up your mind!" she had cried at him. And Lieutenant Dudley Creighton, Royal Navy, with that sixteen-pound battler at the other end of his line, had chosen the fish.

Phelim O'Rourke gave himself a shake or two and walked away from the Oranmore River, but in an easterly direction, whereas the admiral had headed west.

"You can't tell," the beggarman was saying to himself, "what might be done in a case like that." . . .

Phelim O'Rourke and a fine-looking white-haired woman were standing together on the banks of the Bann River. Behind them and not three hundred yards away stood Knockanboy, red-stoned and ivy-covered. The house had come to Lady Greenway at her husband's death along with one of the biggest linen-weaving plants and bleaching greens in all Ulster.

Below them in the clear water you could see the fine salmon heading in fresh from the sea and full of good eating. They were aiming for their spawning beds in the upper reaches, and the going right near to where the old man and the old woman stood was rough. There was a thirty-foot fall there.

"Will you look at that fellow, my lady?" cried the beggarman as an eighteen-pounder sprang high in the water and succeeded in reaching a watered ledge in the fall. "He jumped a full twenty feet if he jumped an inch!"

"I prefer a horse for jumping, any time," laughed Lady Greenway. "And how did you leave my old friend the admiral?" For Mr. O'Rourke had lost little time in conveying the sailor's regards.

"Fine but lonely, my lady," answered the beggarman. "Getting to be old isn't such a bad thing, for we gain in sense and in caution. But to be getting old and to be lonely at the same time, now that's a most terrible thing."

Lady Greenway looked at him quizzically.

"Sure he has four old sisters for company if I remember right," she said.

"Yes, and that's nothing but a lot of bother. You know there never was a thing on that man's mind but salmon fishing."

"I ought to know it," she sighed. And the sigh wasn't lost on that old schemer O'Rourke.

"I WAS thinking in the line of sport, my lady," he replied. "It's a terrible sad thing for a confirmed salmon-fishing man like the admiral to have no money that would buy him good fishing on a piece of river such as this. Him that has to go into the west and whip dirty water and catch, at the best, poor grilse or the like of that. I do believe that, if he could, he would break himself of his love of salmon fishing. I know he told me, ever so long ago, that he lost himself the only girl in the world worth while because he was busy with a sixteen-pound fish when she wanted to be cuddled."

"When did he tell you all this?" queried Lady Greenway sharp-like.

"Och, a long time ago. I think it was about the time he got his first command and was on leave before going to China. Would you like to hear the whole sad story as he told it to me, my lady?"

"Not from you," she answered him. "If it's a true story, it ought to be kept inside the covers till the persons concerned desire to open up its secrets themselves."

"I don't understand you, my lady," said the beggarman. But he understood her better than she understood herself.

They stood there, the two of them, watching the brave fish swim upstream for quite a wee while. And then of a sudden the lady turned to the old beggarman.

"Will you teach me to fish salmon, Phelim?" she asked.

"There's nothing I would like to do better this fine summer, my lady," he replied.

AT dusk of that evening, after a couple of hours of intensive work, Mr. O'Rourke strolled out of his sleeping quarters in the harness room of Knockanboy and after a leisurely walk of a mile or so he arrived at the village post office. He carefully rolled up three well tied Prince of Breffni salmon flies in a piece of paper. He then placed them in an envelope which he addressed to Rear Admiral Dudley Creighton, the Kildare Street Club, Dublin. He inclosed no word of any kind.

As he returned round the front of the house he noticed that the long French windows of Lady Greenway's drawing-room were open. There is no man in Ireland as inquisitive as Phelim O'Rourke, and what did he have to do but peer in to see what the lady was doing? There she sat at a little bit of a desk chewing on the end of a penholder as she looked down at a piece of writing she had done.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," mused Mr. O'Rourke as he headed for the kitchen and the assurance of a nightcap—"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that letter my lady's working on so hard was headed in the same direction as mine."

He never spoke truer words. . . .

Admiral Dudley Creighton was staring out of the window of the library of his club. Outside the sun was shining brightly on the streets of dear sweet dirty Dublin.

"What a day for fishing!" said the admiral to himself, and he fingered the while two envelopes which he had received in the morning's mail. From the first envelope Admiral Creighton removed three gaudy-colored salmon flies and held them up to the light.

"Phelim was right," said the old Irish gentleman, "the brightness of them would even stir anger in the mind of a County Mayo salmon, let alone one from the Bann River."

And then he took out the other letter from its envelope and read it again—as he had read it again and again since it had first been brought to his breakfast table.

DEAR DUDLEY:

Once upon a time you preferred a fish to me. And I learn through a mutual though somewhat disreputable friend that you still set a fish above all things. The years have come and gone, and now I have a river full of fish here for the taking, or rather I should say for the fighting. You see, I am learning to talk like a salmon angler.

I would be delighted if you could find time to spend a few days at Knockanboy and fish my bit of a river to your heart's content. I shall promise not to disturb you at crucial moments as I did once so many years ago.

Sincerely yours,
ISABEL GREENWAY.

"Now," said the admiral, still talking to himself, for he was the only man in the library at that early hour of the morning, "there's nothing in the world I would like better. I wish I was sure that old reprobate O'Rourke didn't stir her heart with a story of all my shortness of cash and my inability to rent decent pieces of river."

He marched solidly up and down the room as he had trod the quarter-decks of his ships.

● The admiral threw himself on the grass and began to fill a cracked pipe.

"She has all the money in the world, and folks might think—"

He stopped and laughed so loudly that a waiter came running.

"All passion spent, all romance gone," said the admiral. "An old man and an old woman. Just old friends standing on the shore in the evening and the water creeping up. The Bann for salmon. Damn it, I'll be going!" . . .

"My lady," said Mr. O'Rourke as he handed his pupil the brand-new eighteen-foot greenheart salmon rod, "you have the Prince of Breffni on the end of your casting line. If I may make so bold as to tell you, there's a wee bit of a boil in the water there about ten yards from the shore. I wouldn't be putting it past some fish or another to be lying there."

"I'll try it, Phelim," said Lady Greenway, short-skirted and rubber-booted, and looking, let me tell you, a good fifteen years on the right side of her real age. She made a pretty cast.

Lady Greenway's next cast wasn't any worse than the first one. Mr. O'Rourke scratched his head and stared at her in amazement as the Prince once again just brushed the top of the water. No self-respecting salmon could resist that challenge, and a big fellow took the fly with a rush. Fair hooked he was and off downstream with the silk line spinning from her ladyship's reel. Then he swung around—on a sixpence, to quote Mr. O'Rourke in later accounts of the episode—and came shooting back.

"Tighten the line on him, tighten the line on him!" shouted the old beggarman. "Watch him when he turns, that he don't slack the line on you and shake the Prince out of his mouth."

SURE enough, then, after eighty yards or so of line had been run off the reel, the big salmon turned and jumped three feet out of the water, shaking his head to rid himself of the hook in his jaw. It was just at that moment that Lady Greenway heard a gruff voice behind her:

"Give me that rod, Isabel! Give me that rod quick, before you lose him!"

Her ladyship never even turned.

"Get away from me, man!" she cried, and whiz went the silk of her line as the battler dashed off again.

Admiral Creighton—for it was he who had spoken—took heed. He stepped back a pace or two and watched her ladyship fight it out. And as he did so the memory of a strangely similar scene flashed before him.

He was standing on this very river bank. Why, damn it, almost on this very spot! And he was in the final round of a battle with a sixteen-pounder. Suddenly, out of the corner of one eye, he had caught a glimpse of a pretty young woman standing near, with her little fists clenched.

"Me or the fish!" she was crying.

Forty years ago.

"Get away from me!" he had cried, and gone on with his fishing.

Funny how things repeat themselves, thought the admiral.

The big salmon had gone to the bottom to sulk.

"Keep a gentle pull on him," advised Mr. O'Rourke, "and he'll come up."

Sure enough he did, and began a series of short rushes across the current.

"Now he's tiring, my lady," said the beggarman. "In a minute or two he'll be alongside the bank quiet as a lamb and I'll gaff him."

Shorter and shorter came the salmon's rushes. At last he was expertly gaffed and lifted in.

"Eighteen pounds if he's an ounce," judged Mr. O'Rourke.

"AND now, Dudley, welcome to Knockanboy and the finest salmon fishing in Ireland," said Lady Greenway, holding out her hand to the man who had stood silent behind her. "I was hoping you would come, even though you didn't reply to my letter."

"I made up my mind suddenly, Isabel," answered the admiral. "Do you remember something like this happening ever so long ago?"

The old woman looked at the old man and—for them—for the moment—the years dropped away.

"I'm sorry, dear," said the old man.

"I'm sorry, darling," said the old woman. There were tears in her eyes—and in his too, you can be pretty sure.

"And when, may I ask, did you learn to fish salmon?" asked the admiral. "I thought you hated the sport."

"Would you really like to know?" she asked.

"Indeed I would that. Judging by the way you handle yourself, it wasn't only yesterday."

"A many many yesterdays," she answered him. "To be exact, the morning after I threw your ring at you. I came down here with a rod in my hand, thinking that if you were through with me you wouldn't be through with such fine salmon fishing. And I was for telling you I was sorry."

"Hadn't you told Greenway you'd marry him?" asked the admiral.

"He had asked me, but I hadn't said yes or no. He was always a man for taking things for granted, and that's how you got the notion. It was a long time after that he got the yes from me."

They walked toward the house.

"It's going down," said Lady Greenway, pointing to the sun.

The admiral took her arm.

"But not for quite a wee while yet, dear. And the last of it, like the last of some people's years, can be very wonderful."

Mr. O'Rourke, loaded with rod and fish, followed after.

"You never can tell," he was saying to himself. "You never can tell what's liable to happen."

THE END

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The Private Life of

A Revelation of the Hitherto Unknown Personality Behind the Golden Voice that Millions Love

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

IT has become a tradition that so-called "great lovers" never hold the women they really love.

Rudy Valentino lost the great love of his life, Natacha Rambova, and died still loving her. Jack Gilbert and Garbo parted without reaching the altar. Mary Hay, the adored first wife of Dick Barthelmess, left him.

Rumor has it that Rudy Vallee, who today shares honors with Clark Gable, doesn't hold the girls who fall in love with him, or the girls with whom he falls in love.

Not long ago a girl said to me, "I don't think you ever quite get over being in love with Rudy, even if you don't see him for years. He's so sweet and kind and such a wonderful companion—and maybe girls take advantage of that kindness. Then suddenly they wake up—and he's gone. After that, they begin to realize." She was silent a moment and then in a very low voice she added, "That's what happened to me."

His first love, the beautiful young deb from Park Avenue, cried herself to sleep many nights because her parents wouldn't hear of a mere saxophone player in the family; and eventually she made a brilliant marriage which today is on the rocks. Maybe she still listens in on Thursday nights.

His marriage to Leonie Cauchois, socially élite young heiress and divorcee, was broken by mutual consent and left sweet memories behind.

The "Garbo girl," whom he loved so madly while he was a senior at Yale, came back to him after that broken marriage and loved him so much that she never really gave him up until after he met Fay Webb. She still carries his picture, a funny picture in a raccoon coat, taken on the Yale campus in the days when they were everything to each other.

Most people have heard that Vallee was a stranger to love when he came to New York, that his charm began only with his crooning and his fame. As a matter of fact, like most young Americans, he had his romances in high school, in college, long before he began his career.

Agnes O'Laughlin, the Ziegfeld beauty, sued him for breach of promise—which hardly seems to indicate that she gave him the air.

If anything, his trouble has been women who didn't want to let him go, who followed him, clung to him.

But it is true, tragically true, as true as it was of Valentino, that he could not hold the great love of his life. Vallee carried the torch for Fay Webb.

He carried it long after he met pretty blonde Alice Faye, who sang with him on the radio and in his night club, and appears opposite him in his new picture, George White's Scandals. Alice Faye, who is little and cuddly and talks baby talk. Not at all like the dark and exotic women Vallee has usually chosen.

In his fan mail, which is larger than that of any screen star, they ask a lot of questions about pretty Alice. The newspapers, too, want to know if Alice will be the third Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Keystone View photo

● Rudy with his wife, Fay Webb Vallee, at the time of their reconciliation after Fay had gone to Reno.

RUDY VALLEE

● With Alice Faye in his latest movie, George White's Scandals. They were together in an automobile smash-up.

Rudy loves Alice Faye. There isn't any question about that. But whether it is the kind of love on either side that leads to matrimony, it is difficult to say. It is one of the few really beautiful boy-and-girl friendships that I have seen in a long time.

It was on Alice's shoulder, during that long, hard tour of many cities which followed the breaking up of his home, when he was singing almost every night and making long jumps by automobile every day, that Rudy rested his tired head and sought comfort. It was into Alice's ear that he poured out the misery of his love, his questionings, his regrets. It was Alice who comforted him, cheered him, almost as a sister might have done.

When, driving sixty miles an hour between towns, the huge sixteen-cylinder car leaped off the road and even Vallee's expert hand couldn't control it, they were sitting side by side in the front seat. In that breathless dreadful second they looked into each other's eyes and found courage. For there was complete trust in hers—no harm could come to her with Rudy at the wheel. By some miracle, no harm did come to them.

On the road, in strange cities, they fought loneliness together. Naturally they ate together, made the long jumps together, shared work and play, ran in and out of each other's rooms and dressing rooms, as people in their profession do, without any thought.

Such things bind two people very close.

Nothing, I am sure, could destroy their friendship. That, so far, is all that it has been.

Vallee is an incurable romantic. He is trying desperately to forget Fay Webb, and succeeding. He will not talk about her or about his marriage. The mention of her name brings a mask to his face. Since the day they signed that famous agreement which has turned the courts upside down he has spoken of her only to his lawyer and closest friend, Judge Hyman Bushel.

Three days after Rudy and Fay were married Rudy's mother died.

His gay, understanding, wonderful mother, who was the closest friend he had. The world wasn't possible, he couldn't go on, unless she was there, somehow upholding him in spirit.

When he made that first trip to California to make Vagabond Lover he took his father and mother with him. This was *their* triumph. *They* were justified for their faith in his star of destiny. During those days in the film capital he took his mother with him often to the studio, to parties, into beautiful homes. Perhaps the gray-haired woman from Maine, with her classic profile and her Irish eyes, was a stranger to such grandeur. But she bore herself with that dignity which came of her pride in being Rudy Vallee's mother, and she got a kick out of everything, and afterward they talked it all over and she made him laugh.

MOTHER to son, heart to heart, she had opposed his marriage to Fay Webb. Too just a woman to condemn the girl, she showed him nevertheless her cold fear. This would do something to her boy, her dearest love on earth. No one, not even Rudy himself, understood so well the inner conflict of the man who was so responsive to every lure of the flesh, yet at the same time worshiped all the homespun virtues. No matter how sweet the siren songs might sound, she knew that the deepest things in him would always want a woman "like mother."

Not for nothing has Rudy Vallee been called a singing Calvin Coolidge.

A girl in a satin gown or glittering spangles will make his heart beat faster on sight. Yet he will say quite belligerently that he cares nothing about women's clothes, that he admires a woman just as much in the simplest frocks, and that he believes women spend too much time and money on adornment. His eyes will light up at sight of a beautiful woman any time, anywhere, and he is stirred by perfumes and lipsticks and lovely coiffures, yet I heard him say once, "Why the deuce do women spend so much time in beauty parlors? Why can't you wash your hair at home?"

The conflict is always there. It always will be. Perhaps that is why he will never be quite happy.

No one told him until the last moment that his mother was dangerously ill. She would not allow them to rob him of one moment's happiness. Nor did he tell her he was to be married. Perhaps he dreaded letting her know that for the first time he had gone directly against her desires.

Three days after she got the word, they telephoned him and he took a swift plane to her side.

She had not spoken for hours, had recognized no one. But when Rudy knelt by her side, she knew him. She made her last effort to smile at him, to bless him, to answer his kiss. Then she was gone forever.

The shock was a terrible one, the deepest emotion he

had ever felt. He took his last farewell of her as she lay so quiet, with her busy hands still. The reporters who had followed him there were touched to unaccustomed silence when they saw him. His bewildered grief was too poignant to look upon unmoved.

Yet he went home to Fay—and the only perfect happiness he had ever known. The apartment high above Central Park was now the only home he had, and it was filled with Fay's presence, it held all that he now cherished. She was not only the most beautiful woman in the world, but to his imagination, fever-hot with sorrow, she filled the aching void within him.

But it didn't last. It ended—all too soon.

Before their final separation in April, 1933, they were married a year and nine months. Actually they spent about ten months together—and not one of their separations was Rudy's wish.

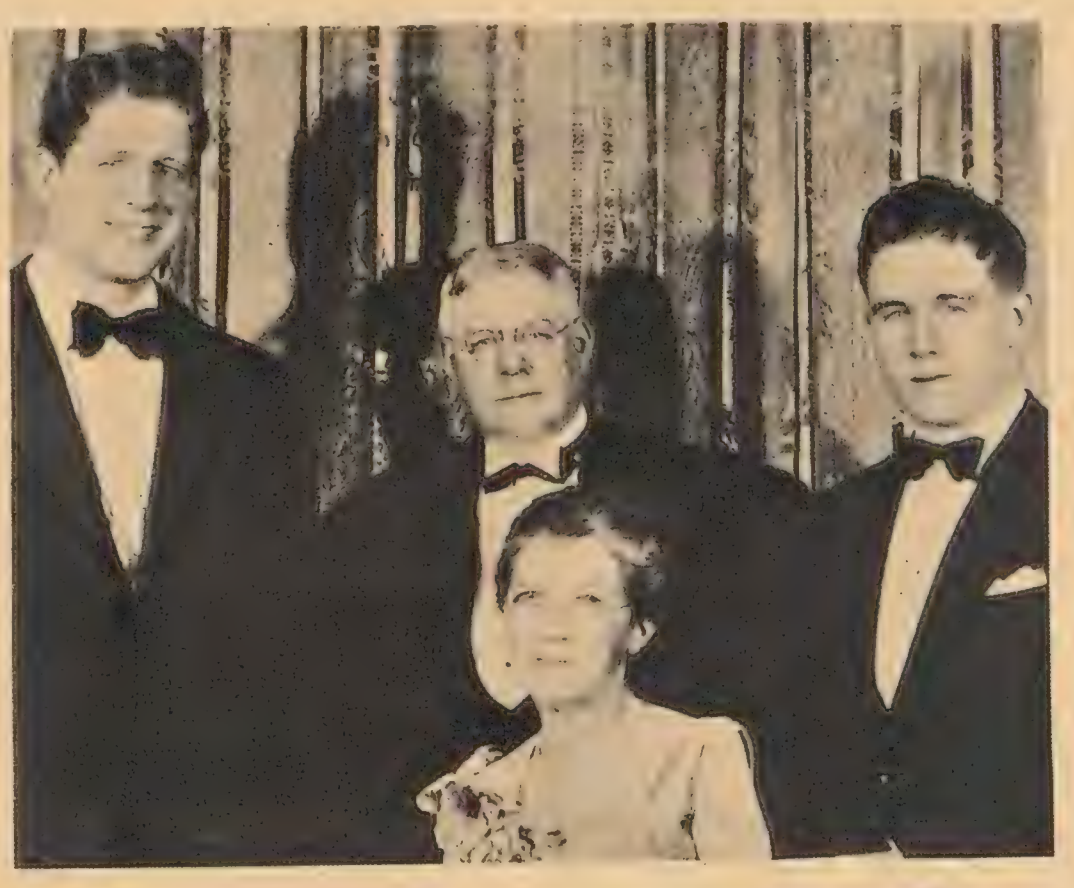
She made a dozen trips to California. His work took him on the road part of the time and she did not accompany him.

It was at the end of those first three months that she wanted to go home—back to Hollywood.

Well, that was all right. Her father and mother hadn't been with her when she was married. Perhaps it was natural enough that a girl should want to make a visit home, to show her jewels and her ermine coat, to be Mrs. Rudy Vallee in the place where she had been poor and obscure. He let her go, much as he hated it.

That was the beginning. As time passed, she wanted to go home more and more often. His pride was terribly hurt by the comments of the columnists upon his wife's tendency to flit away from him at every opportunity. Deeper than that was his disappointment, for he had so felt the need of a companion, some one beside him with whom he might share all his thoughts and ideas.

But—Fay hated New York! She loathed the cold! She couldn't and wouldn't travel about, living in hotels, even though they were the finest hotels. Sometimes she would stay in bed for a week at a time, reading novels, and only go out when Rudy was away. Then she would grow homesick for her father and mother and weep bitterly. So he let her go again and again.



● Rudy with his father and mother and his brother Bill. This picture was taken during his mother's last visit to New York.

HE himself was ill, working under terrific handicaps. He pleaded with her to come back. When she didn't come, he flew to see her—and that trip cost him $15,000 in work he had to give up. That was the time she didn't meet him at the airport—and his fellow passenger, Will Rogers, found his wife and children waiting for a joyous reunion. Rudy stood and watched them, alone except for the cameramen and the reporters.

Gradually it became apparent that something was wrong. But he loved her, would do anything for her, surrounded her with every luxury, showered her with every attention. The hope of a real union faded, but he still worshiped her.

There wasn't, for those who watched, any explanation of that worship. But he happened to be a man capable of a great love. When she was away he grew restless, weary; he drove himself harder than any man has a right to do, he was remorseless in the way he drove others. When she was beside him again, the awful ache of loneliness subsided. He fell victim once more to her dark eyes and her graceful body.

Once it seemed that he could bear it no longer, that he was convinced that perhaps she would be happier without him. Fay Webb went to Reno and the newspapers were full of the usual headlines that the Vallee romance had gone *p-pfft*. But in the end he couldn't face it and he sent Judge Bushel to beg her to come back.

It has been said by Fay Webb and her friends that his career came between them.

The evidence doesn't bear that out.

In the first place, she knew all about his career long before they were married; she had been with him in New York, she knew his working hours. And as a matter of fact, after their marriage he devoted less and less time to his work, gave up half of it to be with her, and at the time of their separation was, for the only time in his life, doing nothing except his radio hour and occasional appearances — not singing in any night club or theater.

TRUE, he was wrapped up in his career. Most men are, if they are worth anything. He would be the last to deny that he loves audiences, loves applause, loves crowds. So far, he has survived the flattery, has taken it gayly and happily, hasn't let it spoil him.

Some one once wrote that Rudy Vallee was "the loneliest man on Tin Pan Alley." Paradoxically it is both true and untrue that he is a lonely man.

You soon discover that he has more real friends than most people, more who would go to bat for him in a pinch. That is because he himself is a great guy to have around in a pinch. He always does what he says he'll do; if he promises any one help, they get it. If he says he'll recommend any one for a job, or sing their songs, or be at a certain place for an appearance, he will.

Yet at the same time he is lonesome—and there are several reasons. He isn't a mixer in any sense of the word. He is tremendously self-absorbed. He moves too fast for most people. And he is very impatient with slowness or mistakes in others.

Colleen Moore, who recently appeared on his hour, told me a slight incident that is very characteristic. While she was doing her dramatic skit, she accidentally dropped two pages on the floor. Without a second's waste of time, Vallee stepped to her side, handed her his own script, with his finger on the exact word she should say next. It is a legend that there has never been a second's pause on the Vallee hour.

Above all, he speaks his mind bluntly. He can be gracious—as every one knows who has listened to him. He has gratitude and appreciation beyond normal. No one I have ever interviewed gives so much credit to others for things they have taught him—to Benny Kruger and Wiedoeft on the saxophone, to Whiteman and Ted Lewis as leaders, to Charley Kaley and Marion Harris.

But he says what he thinks and he likes to get rid of pretense and wasted words. He wants to know *why* about everything. He is always in a hurry; he has to force himself to relax.

When he knew for a certainty that Fay Webb wasn't interested in his career—when she refused point-blank to accompany him on his tours, when she walked out while he was singing at a personal appearance, when she even made his servants turn down the radio at his apartment on Thursday nights—he gave up a great deal of his work.

He wasn't a neglectful lover. When she was traveling, the conductors on the Chief soon learned that they must watch for the flood of yellow messages and even for letters that had been sent on ahead, so that she would receive them at each stop. He arranged his engagements so that they might spend the season in Florida.

The happiest days they spent together in the darkening hours were at Rudy's glorious lodge in Maine. Three hundred acres of woodland, with the blue water of Lake Kezar stretched before them, and along its edge the lovely little shingled houses furnished inside with every comfort you could find at the Ritz.

There, in the summer, they entertained Rudy's friends—for a week they had all the boys in his band and their wives as guests. And in the glory of that outdoor life, in the place he loved best of any on earth, Rudy for a time forgot the dark clouds that he had felt were hovering; which he had turned away from for months.

BUT the storm was soon upon him.

No divorce suit was filed in the Vallee case.

All the legal tangle so far is about money, about Fay Webb's demands for $7,600 a month alimony and $60,000 legal costs. The suits have all been based upon her efforts to set aside the money agreement which she and her father signed in New York when the pair separated.

Rudy is a peculiar man about money. He is reputed to be a very wealthy man; around New York they speak of him as a sort of Midas, whose touch turns everything to gold. Of course he has made a great deal of money, and he has also taken it on the chin in money matters a lot of times.

He worked at the famous Villa Vallee for months for absolutely nothing. And he worked because he loved his work and because he loved the Villa Vallee. And he liked to think that some day that place, with his name plate upon it, would be part of New York history.

His tastes are not extravagant nor luxurious. His apartment is simple enough. He owns two cars and loves them with a real passion, but they are largely a matter of convenience and necessity, for he travels fast and often. His clothes are excellent, in perfect taste, but he hasn't an enormous wardrobe comparable to that of many screen stars. His one great extravagance is his place in Maine. He keeps only the number of servants essential to allow him to do his work—a secretary, a valet, a cook, and a housekeeper. Certainly he was generous with his wife—as the beautiful home he bought for her in California, at a very fancy price, proves.

On April 11, 1933, Fay Webb Vallee and her father signed a financial agreement in New York which guaranteed the girl a hundred dollars a week as long as she remained unmarried.

Why did they sign it?

In her suits filed to break that agreement, Fay Webb has stated that she did not know the extent of her husband's wealth, that she accepted a hundred dollars a week because she believed he was a poor man and could afford to pay her no more.

At all events, the agreement was signed—a few days after Rudy first heard those much-discussed dictaphone records.

He sent for her father—and the chief came.

There were conferences. But this time when Fay Webb went back to California it was to stay. The dream was over for Rudy.

In his view, the whole matter was now very simple. Whatever the facts were, and are, he believed that Fay had never loved him.

Everything New England in him rose to fight her demands for more money.

If you know Vallee, it is easy to understand how his mind worked. That was the way he saw it, beyond question.

To compromise, as he was often advised to do, was in his eyes to admit that he was wrong, and that he would not do. He would stand on principle, no matter what happened.

Plainly, Fay Webb's version must be altogether different. Her course in attempting to get the agreement set aside shows that she has some explanation of their dissensions and their break-up which by no means tallies with his view.

Be that as it may, out of all the uproar and the legal tangles and the publicity that has engulfed him, Rudy Vallee has found a new peace.

Since he came back to New York from Hollywood every one who knows him has realized that he seems happy, that he has taken a new grip on life. He has flung himself into his work, and critics say that his radio programs since his return are better than any he has ever given.

The answer is that his work has saved him.

The dream and the nightmare are both over in his own mind.

A man with work to do may have his heart broken by a woman, he may be miserable because no other woman will quite answer his need—but a man cannot devote his life to love, nor give up to heartbreak.

Rudy Vallee today is facing reality. He has grown up. With a real and honest courage he has turned his back upon sorrow, upon disaster. He has a thousand plans for radio, for new music, for the stage and screen. He is filled with a very touching gratitude to the millions of people who have stood by him in the dark days.

"Somehow," he told me the other day, "I feel that my best work is ahead of me—new work that will mean everything to me."

A woman is important in a man's life—and unhappiness can come from love.

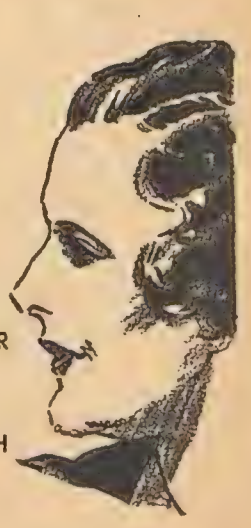
But today Rudy Vallee is going about his business of singing the nation's songs. I have an idea he is right: the great things lie ahead.

THE END

Between you and me..

"I'VE FOUND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE OLD DUTCH FOR CLEANING PORCELAIN AND ENAMEL BECAUSE IT *POLISHES* AS IT CLEANS."

"YOU'RE RIGHT, AND IT'S JUST AS GOOD FOR FLOORS, WOODWORK OR PAINTED WALLS—IN FACT, FOR ANY SURFACE ON WHICH WATER MAY BE USED."



There's a reason behind these facts—Old Dutch is the only cleanser made with pure "seismotite" (pronounced sis'-mo-tite) a fine, scratchless cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin that makes Old Dutch the safest, most effective and most economical cleanser. *It doesn't scratch.*

Made in Canada

TEN MINUTES for LUNCH

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by LLOYD MORRIS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

PAWLING—Pawling! Ten minutes' stop for lunch!"

The conductor mopped his bald head. You couldn't laugh off this heat. It must be hitting one hundred. Nearly four hours still to North Adams, end of the run.

For the first time since Grand Central, Henry Acton looked up at the woman seated opposite. Her face was moist, and smudged by the soot she'd rubbed in with her damp handkerchief. Her too blonde hair streaked down her forehead. She was wilted, lumpish. Henry put down his paper, wondering whether he should ask her to go with him.

"Wanna get out 'n' get some grub?"

The woman shook her head. "If you'd bring me 'n ice-cream cone—" she mumbled.

He rose heavily, glad to be getting out.

On the platform the heat was even worse. He dragged himself across to the lunch room, climbed on a stool at the counter.

"Western sandwich. Coffee."

"Western! Draw one!"

The cool familiar voice startled him. It couldn't be! He looked up. It was. Trim, in a fresh gingham dress. And smiling. The little mocking smile that had always made him feel stupid and inferior.

"So it's you?"

"Yes, it's me," she assented pleasantly. "Been down in New York, Henry?"

"Two days." A date kept thudding inside his head. Two years ago, come the 21st of August. And she hadn't left a word, nor written afterward! But all he could think up to say was, "Not much like school-teachin', this, is it?"

"No, not much. But I couldn't take a school, on account of the baby."

"What baby?" he asked, and bit into the sandwich.

Again she smiled. "Why, your baby, of course. Your son. He takes after you, too. Quick-tempered. Were you drunk when you came home that night, or what?"

He shook his head, flushing. "I wasn't drunk. Kinda thought you'd gone back to your folks for a spell. Allowed I'd wait till you got over it. Next thing was those legal papers. Divorce, eh?"

She nodded. "Divorce—yes."

"I tore up all those papers. What about—well, what about the kid?"

"It's with my folks in Amenia. I go over three times a week."

She darted away to serve another customer. When she returned he asked, "Why didja do it, Ellen?"

"You know why," she said sternly. "I couldn't stand your drinking. We'd had it out so often, Henry! I didn't want the baby to grow up seeing such things. But I thought maybe you'd come and fetch me. If you'd promised to give up drinking I'd have gone back with you. You didn't come—"

"I haven't touched a drop since that night I left!" She said, very low, "I'm glad, Henry."

"And the kid? What'd you name him?"

"Jasper Norman, for your father and mine. I've got to give that couple their checks." And again she darted away.

He stared down at the congealed mess on his plate. So she'd had a baby! His own son! Funny thing, that. Made him feel different about her having left, and all. He remembered how he'd come home that night, searched the dark house for her. Looked, then, for a letter. Waked his brother Elmer and asked him. But Elmer had been working in the wood lot all afternoon, and hadn't seen her go.

She was back, asking, "Anything else, Henry?"

He shook his head. "You married again, Ellen?"

She punched his check, flushing. "No," she said, and put the check beside his plate.

"Why didn't you write—about the kid?"

"Write? After leaving that letter? I guess not!"

"Letter? What letter?"

HE glanced down at his check, and fished into his pocket for a quarter and a dime. Would she accept a dime tip? He decided she wouldn't slipped the dime back into his pocket, and put the quarter under his check.

"You must have been drunk," she was saying. "I left a letter on the shelf above the stove."

From outside on the platform came the call, "All aboard! All aboard!"

"I never got it," he said. "We thought it was your butcher list—Elmer and me. I saw Elmer knock a paper off the shelf when he took the coffeepot. It fell into the fire."

She was very red now. "Henry, the boy needs—needs a father."

"That's right, I reckon."

"All aboard! All aboard!"

He'd clean forgotten her, there on the train.

"Gimme 'n ice-cream cone, quick!" he said.

She went to the freezer under the counter and returned with a vanilla cone.

"I gotta beat it. She's waiting on the train. Millie. My wife. Married her yesterday, in New York."

For a moment she looked after him. Then she gathered up the dishes, and found the quarter.

She smiled. "Wedding present. From me to her. A vanilla cone."

THE END

"DON'T YOU EVER RUN OUT OF ICE CUBES? HOW DO YOU MANAGE?"

Everybody's talking ABOUT THE FRIGIDAIRE '34

"Why, I always thought it was an awful tussle to get ice cubes out."

"Perhaps with an old-fashioned refrigerator... but ours is a Frigidaire '34!"

". . . Until next week! Why, how do you expect to keep a steak that long?"

"My dear—the Frigidaire '34 has a frozen storage compartment!"

"Don't you hate the bother of defrosting?"

"Darling—you are behind the times. The Frigidaire '34 has automatic defrosting!"

"MY DEAR, YOU MUST BE THINKING OF OLD-FASHIONED ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS...

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

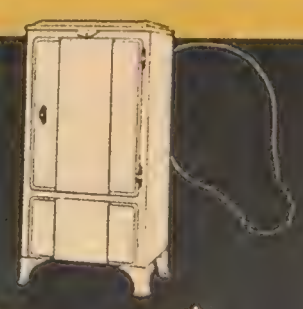
The Frigidaire '34 makes it utterly old-fashioned *ever* to run out of ice cubes. How? Because it makes so *many* cubes at one freezing, (*as many as 208 cubes—26 pounds*—for some models!) and because it freezes them so *fast*.

In fact, the Frigidaire '34 makes yesterday's notions about electric refrigerators seem entirely out-of-date. No longer must you *remember* to turn on the current after defrosting. The Frigidaire '34 has *automatic* defrosting. It turns itself on after the frost has disappeared. No longer must you limit your food supply to enough for one day only. The Frigidaire '34 has unusually large food space with extra room for tall bottles.

And you'll find in the Frigidaire '34 line, models that have Lifetime Porcelain inside and out; double capacity Hydrators, to keep *all* your vegetables fresh and plump; shelves that are adjustable up or down, to make room for large articles; a clever new Sliding Utility Basket for eggs and other small articles; and the new Frigidaire Servashelf that's *so* convenient when rearranging things.

If you haven't seen the Frigidaire '34 you really can have no idea what's happened in electric refrigeration. Will you visit your Frigidaire showroom and *see* why everyone's talking about the Frigidaire '34? Come in today.

Amazing Economy ★★★ HERE IS A FRIGIDAIRE THAT ACTUALLY USES LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB!



MODEL STANDARD 434

MAE WEST
and her pal Dan Cupid

CUPID: "Hello, Mae, how are tricks?"

MAE WEST: "Why, Dan, you darling, what are you doing here in Hollywood?"

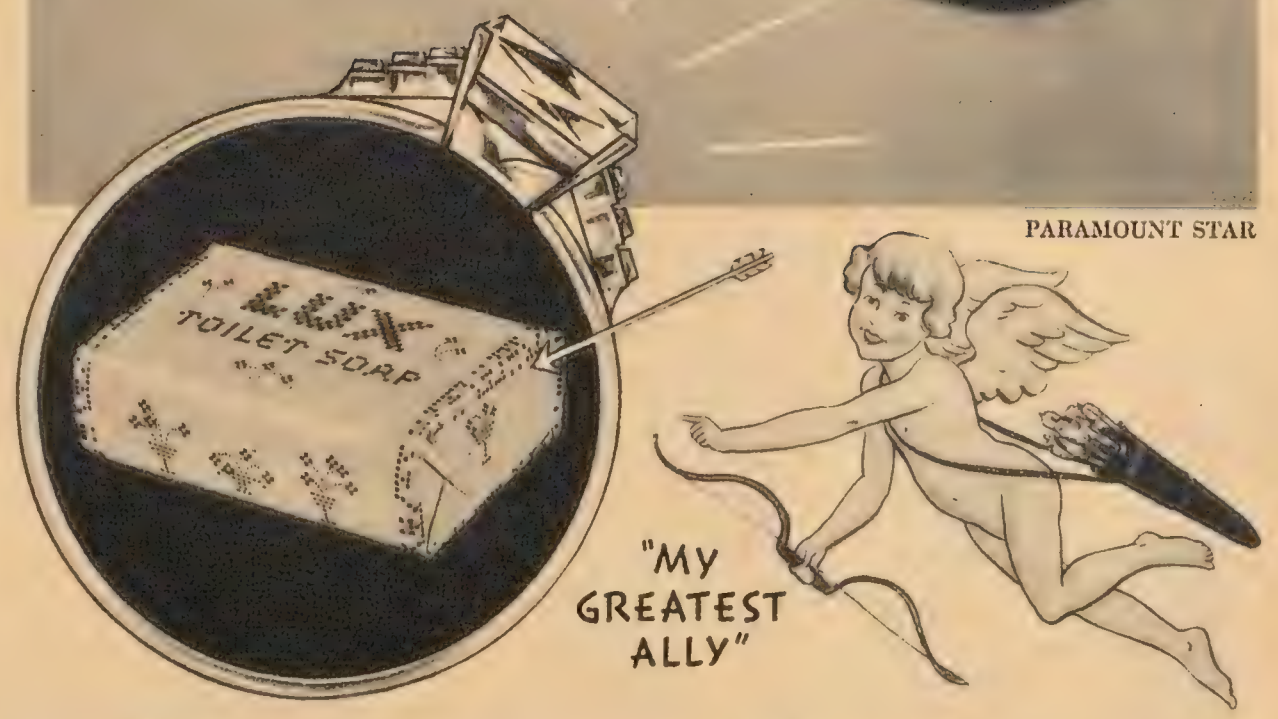
CUPID: "Came for a holiday—it's the one place I never have to work. All you girls can take care of yourselves."

MAE WEST: "We get our men, all right. But then we've been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. A luscious skin gets them every time."

CUPID: "You do know men, Mae. I find I've lots more spare time since girls everywhere started using your soap. Guess I'll fly over and see Lupe now. Take care of yourself."

MAE WEST: "By-by. C'm up and see me some time."

PARAMOUNT STAR



Take a leaf out of Mae's little notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it just as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!

An Anonymous Hollywood Saga

EVERY OTHER INCH A Gentleman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

B. J. HASDID, moving-picture magnate, is dictating notes on his career to Lottie Graham, his secretary. These notes are for use in a biography to be written by Carl Vogel, "the man who put biography in the big-money class."

Mr. Hasdid tells of his early struggles as the son of an impoverished immigrant from Turkey, of his marriage to Rosetta, and of his meeting with Virginia Carter, which led him into the cinema industry and to Hollywood. He touches on the difficulties he conquered in the early days of picture making, and tells of adding Larry Bison and Lita Colta to his galaxy of stars.

At frequent intervals Mr. Hasdid breaks in on his story to tell Lottie of his worry over his son David, who has come home from the college he has been attending in the East, announcing that he will not return to his studies.

The movie mogul discovers, to his horror, that David wants to become a writer and has already contributed to magazines under the pen name of "Felix Holt." David tells his father that he wants to take a trip around the world, and makes some observations on moving-picture stories that cause his father to say, "He's got brains!"

Mr. Hasdid takes up his narrative to tell of his distinguished services during the war as "ornery" colonel of the Hollywood Home Guards. Then he relates the story of the discovery of Hattie Flagg, a young lady destined to become the first of a new type of screen favorite.

PART SIX
ENTER CERISE LA BELLE

WELL, the next morning, Lottie, I was hot on the job. I called a conference—supervisors, writers, stenogs, and what have you, about twenty-five in all.

Everybody knew more or less that I was working *sub rosa* on Hattie's future and was only waiting for the right moment to spring a campaign.

The moment had come. I addressed the little gathering in my office, who I told first of all we had to change Hattie's name for box-office reasons, and also in case any of her old crowd was to wander into a theater and see her name on the screen would be sure to put two and two together, whereas if we give her a good change of name no notice would be taken.

Well, one name led to another, most of which was names only a mother could love, until I was well-nigh to desperate, when Jake Strauss dove

● As for me, I don't even let on I know she is in town. In a minute I hears a tired, world-weary voice which says: "You send for Cerise La Belle?"

down and come up with "Cerise." "Cerise!" I yelled. "What the so-and-so does that mean?" And he says, "You should know, with your exhaustible knowledge of French, that *cerise* is their byword for passion." And I says, quick as a flash, "Are you telling me? If you could pronounce French so's a native could understand it, all well and good."

So I agreed it was a swell surname. But how about a Christian name? So I says, "Give me a Christian name that is French like Cerise or get out." So, after about an hour of back and forth, some one come along with La Belle, which is Gallic for "the beautiful," in the feminine tense. No sooner heard than okayed, for I knew in a jiffy that here was a box-office name full of sex and animal instink without being in no way unrefined.

Next I took up with the publicity staff the question of giving Hattie not only a classy name but everything that went with it—background, history, forebears, and what have you. I told them we had to make her a girl of delicate nurture, who had been raised on convent bread, and if her family had a few crests in it, all the better. So Ike Burns, who is a honey, speaks up and says, "How about making her grandfather the lost dolphin of France?" And I say, "Why drag in her grandfather? Why not give it out that *she* is the lost dolphin?" Well, Burns thought it would look better the other way around on account of making her more antiquated. So I give in.

Well, Lottie, the rest is history, you might say. I billed Cerise like a three-ring circus till the fans was frantic, and then I launched her as a feature which we called All Night Long, with Cerise La Belle.

Baby, did she click? I shall never forget the newspaper boys, the way they rose to her. "Cerise La Belle sweeps the screen like a prairie fire"; "La Belle is a new kind of furnace. She burns you up and makes you like it," are samples of what they wrote, which I could quote *ad nausea.*

I OFTEN used to stop my car, Lottie, on a Saturday afternoon and watch the neighborhood theaters, where we was adopting our policy of Educational Matinées for the Tots and Kiddies, and watch the little darlings fighting for places in the long line waiting to get a flash of Cerise in some new picture. As I would watch these lads, all hot and bothered over the thought of seeing La Belle, and the girls, all dressed like her and acting like her as near as they could, I would think humbly how proud I was to be the father of an infant industry which was so far reaching in its influence for good.

And so I had the honor, claimed by several other producers, of giving to the silver sheet its first "hot mama."

Many producers has claimed the credit for launching the first Biblical picture, but the honor belongs to me. Sins of Satan we called that first Biblical, which made millions for Hasdid Pictures.

Well, in Sins of Satan I starred Cerise La Belle, and laid the scenes in the days of Genesis. We made her Noah's daughter. Loona, as we called her—due to her being born when the moon, as well as Noah, was full—was a grape picker, her old man having vineyards. And she also minded the goats, from whose pelts she used to make articles for her and her three brothers, Ham, Shem, and Japheth. Ham we did not play as a coon, on account of race prejudice in the South, but give him a heavy coat of sun tan.

In those days, you remember, Lottie, the Philistines was all over the place, nomad tribes, which was the ancient equivolent for bandits, living off the fat of other people's lands and making life a veritable burden. Well, one of these tribes got wind of Noah's goats and general prosperity, and decided to put him on the spot; and right here is where the menace comes in.

The leader of this Philistine gang had a plaything, Gomorra, who was as beautiful as sin but a regular nymph, who for the nonce was all *comme-ci, comme-ça* over Leo, captain of her husband's hosts.

Well, this night while they was encamped on Noah's acres, reconnoitering and planning an attack, Gomorra, which was the menace, invites Leo, her husband being on duty elsewhere, to her tent, ostensilly to talk manouvers, but in reality to overcome Leo's reserve. Then follows the great seduction scene, climaxing in the Dance of the Silken Veils, which leaves Gomorra practically a destitute.

For Gomorra we engaged Myrtle Flowers, who not only looked the part but was very supple.

Well, Leo, while no sis, was (quote this, Lottie) "strong in the faith," and held out, which caused Gomorra, who was at her wit's end and by now a mere (quote again) "puppet in passion's paw," to fling herself at him, but Leo makes a deft dodge and a quick getaway, leaving his toga behind him.

WELL, Gomorra, knowing no fury like a lover's scorn, sends for one of her spies and has him trail Leo, who is now in league with Noah. But Gomorra, who is quick at figures, puts two into two and makes up her mind that Leo has ditched her for Loona. When her husband returns from the reconnoiter, she lays her cards on the table. He burns up, rallies his hosts, and lays siege to Noah, who is reduced to a state of famine.

One night, in dire desperation over her sire's plight—and for the love of Leo, who she worships—she, or Loona, slips away under cover of night, with only a ermine wrap, made from one of her goats, over her birthday suit, to the tent of the Philistine host, there to throw herself on his mercy. Working her way up from outpost to outpost, past soldier and sentinel, she finally reaches her objections, which is the tent of the Philistine host.

With a prayer on her lips and her ermine drawn close, she enters, to find the host no other than her old boyhood friend Emiel, who at an early age left hearth and house and went to Philistine. Loona pleads for her people; she pleads for her honor, which is more precious than rubies—but to no avail. Emiel, like Gomorra, is only a puppet inflamed by Cerise, or Loona's, purity and innocence.

A tense scene follows, with the inevical just around the corner, when there is a blinding flash of lightning and a fearful downpour. The Flood has come—which took all the actors off the pay roll except Noah's family and Leo the lover.

Well, we showed the ark on the storm-tossed waters and the animals experiencing their first taste of seasickness.

The great ape, the female of the species, passed out, leaving her mate inconsolable until one day he gets a flash of Cerise. The ape, who hitherto has known only brunettes, is petrified by Cerise's blond beauty, goes mad, and abducts her.

Then followed the greatest chase in the history of moving pictures, before or since, with poor Cerise in the clutches of a worst than beast, and screaming till it curdled one's very marrow, with Leo in pursuit. Up gangway, through porthole, to topmost deck, the old boat rocking like a cradle in the storm, right to the old crow's nest, where Leo engages the ape in mortal tussle. Below in the angry surf waits a gigantic whale, his maw opening a mile wide.

Finally the ark, lurching madly, tilts all three overboard. The waters, already in a tempest, is lashed to further fury by ape and whale, the latter coming out on top. Loona is rescued by her three brothers just in the nick of time. But Leo, who has made a good fight, is no match for the mammal, who convulses him in one gulp. Loona, who witnesses this from the poop deck, is about to plunge herself into the waters, but is saved a second time by Ham, *(Continued on page fifty-six)*

AIRFLOW | CHRYSLER

★ THE MAN blows against the match box. The candle flame is sucked *toward* the box by the air drag which occurs. The same thing happens behind the squared-off rear of ordinary cars. That's air drag.

★ NOW LOOK. We try the same thing with an egg. The air slips easily around the streamlined shape . . . blowing the flame *away from* the egg and quickly extinguishing the blaze. That's air flow.

Air Drag vs. Air Flow

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True streamline . . . dynamic balance . . . these are the two factors that make the Airflow Chryslers so fast and efficient, and so astonishing in riding qualities. A few miles behind the wheel will give you the biggest thrill you've ever had driving a motor car. Try it!

FOUR DISTINGUISHED 1934 MODELS—Chrysler Airflow Six . . . 100 horsepower aluminum head engine. Six-passenger Sedan and Brougham, five-passenger Coupe. Chrysler Airflow Eight . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Brougham, five-passenger Coupe. Chrysler Airflow Imperial . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. Airflow Custom Imperial . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase . . . individualized body types, prices on request. 1934 Chrysler Six, *with independently sprung front wheels* . . . for a smooth, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower.

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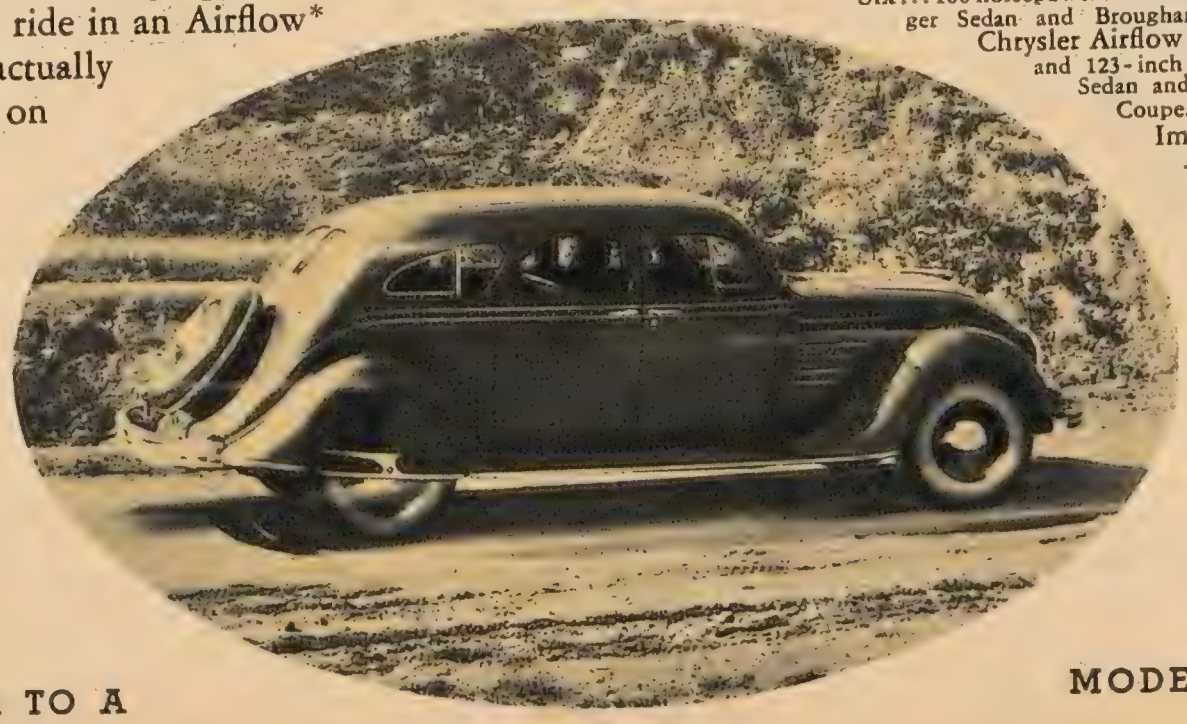

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Before putting up window screens, or taking them down, brush 3-in-One Oil over the mesh. They'll last longer, and look better, for 3-in-One keeps rust from starting! Get some and try it; 3-in-One will save you money in screen repairs and replacements.

3-IN-ONE OIL
HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

(Continued from page fifty-four) Shem, and Japheth.

Came the dawn—with the ark coming to rest on Ararat, and Noah's family kneeling in prayer and thanksgiving to Jehovah for their deliverance. Poor Loona, of course, is inconsolable for the loss of Leo and has hardened her heart, when suddenly out of the brime comes the whale, who delivers Leo back to Loona, his marcel unruffled, as good as new. Then out of the nowhere comes the dove of peace. Only, y'understand, we didn't stop at just one dove. We had a whole flock—which, as they settled down over the lovers twined in each other's arms, was a picture never to be forgot.

MEANWHILE, Lottie, a change had come over Cerise, and she was now a long ways from the unspoiled lassie who had come to us from the wiles of Saskatchewan. She acquires herself a lorgnette, which ruins her eyesight, making it hard for her to see a lot of people who give her the glad hand when she first come to Hollywood.

Well, I didn't care what she did socially as long as she didn't get herself raided—but I'm damned if she didn't begin getting elegant around the studio too!

However, we weathered all these storms like good sailors and things went along smooth enough till we was all set to shoot a big La Belle production entitled Undine's Undies, which was a story about a girl who was really Neptune's daughter by a wood sprite. Undine lives all alone on a desert isle where a bunch of men is shipwrecked. She has never seen a man before except her old man, who was part fish anyhow and didn't count, so there was plenty of chance for what have you and no end of complications.

Well, anyhow, on a morning three days before we go into production, Al Kimmel, my ace director, comes rushing into my office as white as a gardenia and foaming at the mouth.

"All right," I says, not caring for any intrusions. "What's eating on you?"

"Plenty!" he gasps, like some monster was clutching at his windpipe. "La Belle is on the rampage."

"All right; let her ram," I says, turning my attention elsewhere, as I am used to stars and their piccadillies.

"Listen, B. J.," Al goes on, leaning across my desk, all but in my very face. "This here is no ordinary outburst. Cerise says she's not going to do Undine's Undies."

"The hell she ain't!" I cries, rising instanter and full of dungeon. "Send that nit-wit in here, if she's still on the lot. If she's not, get her." And I stalks over to the window, biting hell out of one of my fifty-cent cigars.

"Listen, B. J.," Al Kimmel whines at me. "I want you should be careful what you say to Cerise. This is a situation which requires tack."

"Tack," I yells on him, "is wasted on that belle! The only thing she can understand is a tenpenny nail, which I will drive into her right up to the head. *Get* her!"

And Al, who knows I am in no kidding mood, dashes out my office. Well, after an interim, during which my indignation rises to a regular crisco, the door opens and Cerise enters without no introduction, a liberty of hers which always burnt me up. She drapes herself against the wall like as if she is something out of a mortuary, and raises her lorgnette. As for me, I don't even let on I know she is in town, being very busy with some pressing papers. In a minute I hears a tired, world-weary voice which says:

"You send for Cerise La Belle?"

Well, I don't even look up, my policy with all my stars being to make them and then ignore them. Presently she speaks again, her voice rasping somewhat, a fact which tells me I am beginning to get her goat.

"Zey tell me you weesh to see Cerise La Belle—that is, *on dit* you do," she said, pulling some of her lousy French on me.

"*On dit* is a damned liar," I answers. "I got no wish to talk to Cerise La Belle. I want to have a few words with Hattie Flagg, former social favorite of Saskatchewan."

● Leo makes a deft dodge and a quick getaway, leaving his toga behind him.

Well, Cerise dropped her lorgnette with a thug which you could have heard clear to Long Beach. I will not recount here the dialogue which insued, which would only result in a couple of pages of dashes and aztecs, for these book censors, I am told, are only a bunch of picayunes, just like the movie censors.

The gist of our interview *in totem* was to the effect that she had read the script of Undine's Undies, and I knew what I could do with it, or words to that effect. Upon which she banged her way out of my office.

WELL, Lottie, I sent hot-foot for Al Kimmel, the supervisor on the picture, whoever he happened to be, and a couple of dozen others who might be concerned, and begun to raise hell.

"There is in our midst," I begun, as soon as they was all seated or standing, "a disloyal snake-in-the-grass. There is an unwritten law in my studio which forbids any of my actors, male or female, to get hold of a script, which does them no good but only puts ideas into their heads." With which I pauses dramatically and looks over at Al Kimmel, who is Cerise's director.

"Don't look at me," he says, flushing furiously. "You know damn' well I never look at a script till I get on the set, and not usually then." Which is true, Lottie, as he feels it only destroys his fresh viewpoint.

Well, sir, every one in that room claimed exemption, even the script department, which couldn't find a script anywheres. In the midst of all this Al Kimmel suggests, with a very disagreeable vocal intimation, that we better stop hunting snakes and stick to the point—which is that Cerise has walked out and what in aitch are we going to do? So, without making any bones about it, I says we'll get another star, and what does he know about that?

"That's fine!" he says. "And who will you get?" he adds, throwing me a challenge.

"Who do you want?" I says, throwing it right back at him.

"How about Joan Crawford?" he says daringly. "She needs the work and is very good to her mother, I hear."

"That's a good suggestion," I snaps back, calling his bluff like nobody's business, and gets Clark P. Muckross on the phone. Well, after passing the time of day, inquiring about the children, and asking how is business—which I know is rotten, though he wouldn't admit it—I ask Clark P. how would he like to lend me Crawford for a big epic we are about to shoot.

"I will be very happy to lend you Joan," he answers, my heart singing like a canary, "just the way you loaned me Virginia Carter last year once when *I* was stuck," and hangs up on me.

That's Clark Muckross all over, Lottie:

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—which, if you ask me, is about the only one of the Ten Commandments he ever pays any attention to.

Well, I meets the same brand of courtesy at every studio I rings up, until I am practically a fag, and also humiliated at all these office boys sitting there laughing into their sleeves while I work myself into a lather and get nowhere.

Well, sir, I banged my fist on my beautiful mahogany desk till all my jade and ivory elephants and Rosetta's picture in an elegant handwrought silver frame does a regular war dance.

"Listen, you!" I cries, rising, and pluralizing my pronoun with my eyes till every man and boy in that room was included. "If you think I'm going to let myself be licked by some female star who is still working her way through the alphabet, you're as crazy as she is! I made a brick out of Hattie Flagg, and I didn't have no straw to do it with, either. All right! If I can do it once, I can do it twicet.

GRINDING VALVES TOO OFTEN ?

Have the last few valve-grinding jobs on your car played havoc with your rainy-day fund? Are you fed up with having your car laid up every few months? Then you'll be interested in a letter from S. C. Maguire of St. Louis:

"My Olds has been driven almost 45,000 miles in two years. The top of the motor has never been removed. No valve grinding. No repairs. The excellent performance of the motor I attribute entirely to the fact that I always use Quaker State Oil."

You can't be sure of these results with ordinary oil... because in every gallon there is a quart, more or less, of a thin, watery material called "light-end" oil. A few miles... and this is burned up, destroyed. Your engine doesn't get full lubrication.

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QUAKER STATE

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I raised Flagg to where she is today, and I'll pull her down. To hell with paying blood money to some other studio for one of their stars whose middle name is quasi. Undine's Undies goes into production on schedule—do you hear? We'll take an unknown, put her into Cerise's vacancy, and make a star out of her."

And I sat down, breathing hard from every pore, while in the silence which insued you could have heard your watch tick.

"That's swell," puts in Al Kimmel after a moment, irkishly. "You'll make a star out of your experimenting, and what'll you make out of me? Nothing but a sucker!"

To which I replies that if he is too old to experiment, I can get a *good* director, with some young blood in his veins, who don't have to have everything handed to him on a silver platter. Which puts the quieval on Al.

So the question we now raise is what unknown have we who we can shove in as a pinch hit for Cerise La Belle? And some one mentions Anna May June. To which I replies that we are not planning to make a mountain out of some other studio's mole, but are going to cultivate one of our own. On which I am assured that Anna May June *is* one of our moles—which infuriates me and stirs me to inquire how it is such people are in my employ and I don't know a damned thing about them. Well, nobody can seem to answer that one, so we all troops over to a projection room to get a look at this unknown flower who, so far as I am concerned, has been blushing unseen in a country churchyard.

Well, Lottie, there wasn't much of her you could see in any of the pictures we looked at, but that little was enough. She had about as much sex as Whistler's Mother, who if we ever put her in Undine's Undies would arouse no one, but cause us all to be arrested for indecent exposure. I was burnt up.

"Who in Sam Hill," I rages as we troops back to my office, "put this firefly, with very little light and no heat, under a contract?"

Some one volunteers the information that the guilty party is no other but my own brother-in-law, Ben Grief. Well, Lottie, I wasn't going to let any blood relation make me his goat for any account.

"Where *is* that cockeyed so-and-so?" I cries aloud, banishing calm and throwing caution at the four winds. "Somebody get me Ben Grief!"

"I doubt if it can be done," replies Al Kimmel with a curling lip. "It has probably escaped you that Ben Grief died three months ago."

Well, Lottie, you can imagine the state I was in when I could forget my own brother-in-law, who I was responsible for the fine position he was in today, before he died, the husband of Fannie, my dearest and only sister. I know right oft that if Ben had put this Anna May June under contract, it was for some good reason, and not just the usual reasons, for Ben, I knew for a fact, had always been true blue to my sister Fannie, and to Ruby Hill, his stenographer, without ever looking at another woman.

WELL, here we were up against a situation to call out all the fibroid in a man. Here was an unknown on our lot who might have *some* talent hidden under her bushel, but who as far as playing sex rôles was concerned had about as much future as a singing waiter with the hoof-and-mouth disease. In fact, I had just made such a statement to my helpmates gathered in conference, who wasn't so much a help as a hindrance, if you ask me, when somebody broke the ice and said that as a sex possibility Anna May June was not so much dead as sleeping, and that she might easily take on a new radiance if she could only be awakened.

Well, that all sounded about as clear to me as some verse or chapter out of the Book of Revelations, to understand which a man needs a map and compass; so I asks him point-blank what in aitch he means. To which he replies that if it's all the same to me he would just as soon not come right out and say it, as there was a couple of gentlemen present. Which only makes me hotter, so I storms out that we are in the throes of a dilemma where it is no time to beat the devil around a bush. So he reconsiders and does come out in the open.

Well, right away I see his point, which recalled to my mind the story of Diana, the so-called virgin goddess of the moon, who was a hunter of big game when off duty, and went nowhere without her dogs, who was supposed to protect her from any undesirable advances. Well, on her long drives at night across Olympus (Greek for heavens, Lottie) she would grow very restless, and would often stop at a certain rendezvous where there was a lone shepherd boy, whom she would awaken and dally with socially. Frequently she would tarry overtime and have to drive like hell to clear Olympus before her cousin Phœbe, goddess of the sun, started *her* trek across Olympus. Well, here was a clear case of the same thing, with the sexes reversed, and the question now before the house was, who would we pick to awaken Anna May?

After some talk back and forth, it was decided to send for one of our studio sheets, which we got out every day, showing who was working and what they was working on. Well, the onliest man who hadn't an assignment at the moment was Horace Venable—believe it or not, a writer. I was about to throw up my hands, but realized we now had no pick and choose, but was stuck, so I sends for him to report at once to headquarters. Meanwhile I look up his record, which tells me nothing except that his option comes up in another two weeks, which is okay with me.

SO, Lottie, when he comes into my office I have all I can do to keep a straight face. He was funny-looking even for a writer, with a little ingrowing mustache that wouldn't fool anybody, and an air of general defiance which, to a psychic-analyst like myself, was nothing else but a defense organism to keep people from seeing that he was afraid of his own shadow.

Well, I do keep a straight face in spite of everything, being always the diplomat. Instead, I fawned upon him, paid him pretty compliments, reminded him his option was coming up in a few days, and that I and my henchmen in solemn concave was even now sitting on it. On hearing this he brightens audibly and hopes he will be given a chance in his new contract to show us what he can do. I assures him he will have a chance to do that very thing, and then I told him of my plan to make a new star out of some raw material after she had been roused, and that we had chosen him to do the job.

Well, for a couple of seconds his only response was a rapid convulsion of the upper lip where his mustache was supposed to be. Then he confessed it was a most amazing situation, but not unusual in a great studio like mine, and would it be presumptious if he inquired who the raw material was I had in mind? Well, of course I had to take him into our confidence, so I mentioned the name of Anna May June, on which his mustache had another attack which was maybe more violent than the first. When he had got it under control, he inquires whether Miss June has been informed of our scheme, to which I answers warmly that she is not only informed but also straining at the leash, though I have not yet broken the news of the guide who is to help her forge the stream.

Well, to make a long scene short, he gives his consent to our plan—but first insists on a new contract at double his present salary for a solid year, saying as how he would like to start this new assignment with a mind free from sordid commercial consideration. Well, I struggled furiously for a time, but realized he had us in his advantage, so I gives in and sends the little skunk over to the legal department for his new contract, which he says must be in black and white before he makes a move.

Next, of course, we send for Anna May June—which is short work, as she is on one of our stages working in a new picture, but not very hard, as the star is a woman who keeps the camera busy with her and her male support.

Well, I am considerable surprised when this June enters my office, who is a lovely sprite to whom the camera has not been just, with a divine formation, though quite short as to animal instink.

Well, I assumes another characterization where she is concerned, and instead of flattering her and being a fawn, I tells her I have just been looking at her last picture, which breaks my heart that she is with us so long and shows so little that a producer can put his teeth into.

Well, you should have heard her the way she retorted to that—not coarse like Hattie Flagg would have done,

but soft and gentle and moaning like a dove, which in a woman is always a sweet note. She says I am no more heartbroken than she is, who is in one tiny part after another which grows smaller as the picture progresses, what with stars who can't act being resentful of any one who can. It has all been too tragic, and now that her one and only friend at the studio, Ben Grief, is dead, she might as well die herself.

With which, having worked herself up, she breaks down and sobs as if she was a widow all bereft.

Well, Lottie, what with this girl going all to pieces about Ben, who I had loved like a brother, she brings it all back to me like it was only yesterday, and I have to cry a bit myself.

Well, after we had wept a while together, I tells Anna May that I will do all I can to replace Ben Grief, and that she is to regard me as a father from henceforth *ad nausea*.

And so, I and she being *en rapport* (French, Lottie, for mutual friends), I tell her about Cerise La Belle being unsuited to Undine's Undies, and me considering putting her right in them —only there is just one drawback, which is that she, Anna May, is lacking in sex. Which causes her to flash like a covey of quail and to say with great spirit, "I don't know what you mean!" To which I replies that herein lies the kernel to the whole situation. I then outlined my scheme.

Well, her first flush was child's play to the one she indulged herself in now. She gives me a look of high scorn, turns suddenly, and starts for the door. Reaching it, she wheels quickly, tosses her head like a proud filly, and addresses me in a most bitter manner:

"And who is to be my teacher—you, B. J. Hasdid? Or perhaps you are going to give all your friends here—" And she sweeps the room with her eyes, causing every man and boy to look every which away save straight forward. I, who had no reason to hang my head, speaks up like the father I have sworn to be to her.

"My dear Anna May," I says, "I have selected none of these gentlemen here, who are diamonds all, but a bit rough, but instead a man who I have the highest respect for, even admiration—the pride of Hasdid Films and a writer of distinction—Mr. Horace Venable."

"Am I to understand," she continues *apropos*, "that Mr. Venable approves of your idea?"

"Approves, Miss June," I answers, growing slightly formal again, though far from cold, "is hardly the word. He is at this moment making certain preparations for the adventure, having taken you for granite. May I likewise take you for same?"

To which she replies that she would be grateful first for a few words with the gentleman, whose acquaintance she would like to cultivate before she goes too far—and leaves the room for the nonce.

WELL, after a painful wait of several minutes during which no one says anything, but a lot of furious smoking and coughing is indulged in, the door opens and in comes Horace and Anna May, looking very solemn but at the same time resigned. Which is true, for Horace tells me he is ready to devote the week-end to Anna May's psychology.

Well, everything is okay, save for Horace insisting on an expense account of a thousand dollars for the trip, as he says they must go away to some removed *locale* where they will not encounter old friends or new, and surely on such an adventure the studio would not wish them to count the cost. So, though raging inwards, I gives them a cash order and a father's blessing, and send the happy lovers, like Paul and Virginia, on their combined ways.

Has Mr. Hasdid solved the problem of getting a new star to keep Cerise La Belle in order? Perhaps. In the next installment of this revealing chronicle you will find B. J. Hasdid, that master solver of problems, confronted with a dilemma that bids fair to blast the peace and security of the great house of Hasdid.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—A turret on a roof, or a summer-house that commands a view.

2—Charles J. Guiteau.

3—Michigan, Great Salt Lake, Okeechobee, and Pontchartrain.

4—Edmund Fiske Green.

5—April 14, 1865.

6—March 4, 1789.

7—Eight.

8—Delaware.

9—Zachary Taylor.

10—The spirit of the sea; sea devil.

11—The British white enlisted soldier.

12—Blue, white, and red.

13—Yes, that of the Zionists—the star of David in blue on a white ground.

14—A place with only one outlet.

15—Because formerly toast was placed in liquor as a delicacy.

16—Somerset Maugham.

17—A plain between Ardres and Guines in France, where Francis I of that country met Henry VIII of England in 1520.

18—A theory to explain the formation of the stars and planets.

19—Thomas Gray in On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

20—In Brazil, Paraguay, and the Argentine Republic.

LOOK for the HURLBUT TRADE MARK on the sole before you buy »

Substitute shoes of inferior quality are being offered as HURLBUT Shoes. Identify the genuine by the Trade Mark on the sole.

Hurlbut Shoes are made in 241 size and width combinations for the perfect fitting of children's feet.

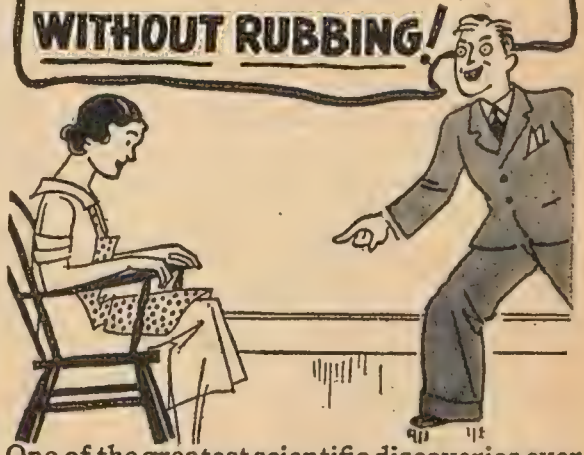
HURLBUT—the *only* shoes permitting free exercise of Muscle, Bone and Blood Circulation

The SUB-DEB

Valuable coupon with each pair

HURLBUT
ANTI-ACID SHOCK ABSORBING
Shoes for Children
Spelled HURLBUT - and made in PRESTON ONT

THE NEW, WORKLESS WAY TO WAX FLOORS WITHOUT RUBBING!



One of the greatest scientific discoveries ever made is this new Old English *no-rubbing* Floor Polish that makes waxing any floor as easy as sweeping. It's the new-day, no-work way to keep your floors beautiful. You just spread this amazing polish lightly over the floor. Then relax in your favorite rocker and watch it dry to a wonderful shine in a few minutes —a lustrous finish that stands up under hard knocks. Now try this workless, no-rubbing way of waxing floors. You'll say, as tens of thousands of women do, that it's marvelous. All paint, hardware and department stores sell this new **Old English *no-rubbing* Floor Polish** which is made in Canada.

Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

"BUT IN ALL THE LAND OF EGYPT THERE WAS BREAD"

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—One more plan for the way out of the present economic abyss may start other persons to thinking for themselves, even though this plan is not the one to be used.

Will Rogers has written that it might be helpful to close some of our schools for a while and try sending some of our boys to the Hopi Indian schools, because he never heard of a Hopi being hungry because they had too much food on the reservation.

The self-supporting Ohio farm home of my boyhood had many of the Hopi comforts. Excepting taxes, we enjoyed about the same freedom and security as the Hopi of today. Many miles from the nearest railway, I seldom saw money, never personally knew an officer of the law, never had an acquaintance who was arrested, never knew of a case in court, never knew a divorced person; in fact, all the thrilling experiences of modern life were lacking.

Our successful protection against food shortage was an overproduction, which under present conditions our government thinks wise to prevent or even destroy. It is possible that both methods are correct when opposite methods of living are considered. The primitive plan has proved itself and needs no defense. The present plan has not been proved but has the intelligent support of our best trained and experienced leaders.

My father usually planted twice the amount of potatoes normally required for our family needs, as a protection against shortage in the event of adverse weather conditions. Usually we had a surplus which was free for poor or unfortunate persons of the community. This practice was common in thrifty primitive farming communities. The teachings of the old Jewish Bible story may have been suggestive. The example of potatoes must be changed to wheat in order to apply to the Bible story of Joseph in storing food during the seven bounteous years for the seven lean years to follow.

The suggested plan for securing protection against food shortage, and at the same time prevent the protecting surplus from actually competing with the desired prices in the central markets, would be a prohibition against the removal of the protecting surplus from the small farm units where it was actually produced.

A very slight modification of the present government regulation controlling commodity production would be simple and even more easily enforced in applying the proposed plan.

The advantage of this plan would be to carry full surplus protection during years of oversupply without added expense for transportation, central storage, and the distribution of this surplus which would otherwise come in competition with the needed production.—W. M. COOK.

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.

W. M. Cook's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED?

ITHACA, N. Y.—Father calls him "Rhoo'-svelt"; "Russ'-uh-velt," says mother; "Rews'-iv-velt," says Uncle John; "Rose'-velt," comes from brother. Vox Pop, we need your help all over this great nation! Speak up and tell the world the right pronunciation! For doesn't it seem stupid to grant F. D. R. his fame and make of him a household word, yet *mis*pronounce his name?—*Mrs. E. H. Lott.*

[From the White House we learn that the name has three syllables; the two o's are pronounced as one, thus: Rose'-e-velt. And the accent is on the first syllable.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LAUNDRY MYSTERY SOLVED

JOLIET, ILL.—Your Bostonian friend who inquires about pins and buttons in regard to his laundry is well advised in laying off the pins. Laundries have not used pins in a long time in finishing shirts.

As regards buttons, the shirts are usually buttoned a part of the way in order to permit their packaging in a smooth condition which will not wrinkle despite considerable handling. Incidentally, it is the very omission of pins which makes the buttoning necessary. Laundries are constantly making studies of consumers' wants in order to give them the service that seems to please the most people. Most people would rather have their shirts and B. V. D.s buttoned than to have pins in them, or wrinkles either.

My suggestion to avoid morning shivering while unbuttoning garments is to unbutton them the night before.—*H. L. Bird, Department of Publicity, Laundry Owners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

PLEASING MRS. CUSTOMER

BALTIMORE, MD.—This is for the benefit of the thousands of independent grocers who read Liberty.

A grocer said to me: "There are thirteen chain stores in this town of 20,000 people. We independents simply can't make a living against that competition."

I looked around his store, with its old-style fixtures, bad lighting, dirty corners, and disorderly stock arrangement. He was trying to run the business alone and was doing his best. There simply wasn't time for shaping things up each day.

"The customer," I replied, "is usually a woman educated in hygiene through scientific advertising. Dingy surroundings suggest germs to her, just as brightness reflects purity. Model chain stores are spotless, brilliantly lighted and painted, and the goods are displayed and marked with an eye to convenience in choosing and speed in serving. Find some way to copy their appearance, then invite Mrs. Customer in for approval. You'll never get her in any other way. Your prices will take care of themselves with the growth of the business."

My grocer friend made a wry face as he estimated the cost of revamping his business, but sobered considerably when I showed him that his shrinkage during the past five years amounted to more than that. Anyway, I left him thinking about something except hard times. The wise merchant will first critically inspect his own store before blaming outside conditions for his decreasing profits—and he'll modernize if the way can be found.—*N. A. W.*

X-WORD PUZZLER REBELS

PORTLAND, ORE.—You tell that maker of your cross-word puzzles to step out and give a true American a chance to use our language. We are not ready to learn the Indian, Egyptian, Scottish, German, Italian, French, or any other language in abbreviations.

Put back your old maker of these enigmas and you will keep on your reading list a lot of old subscribers. If not, I am one that will give your magazine up; and I am not the only one that's disgusted with the definitions that no true American will stand for.—*Charles Decker.*

BUTTERFLIES IN BUSINESS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This might be a good time to suggest the elimination of at least one vicious condition in business; namely, the holding of jobs by girls and women who do not need the work in order to live.

According to newspaper statistics, hundreds of thousands of women in New York City alone are destitute because of lack of employment. Business men who employ women could remedy this condition a great deal by demanding a sworn statement as to the necessity of the applicant to work for a living. This is being successfully practiced in Italy, so why not in our own country?

Personally I know of several ambitious young women who prefer the excitement of a job to the daily bore of a society life. I don't blame them for that. But ethically have these social butterflies the right to take the bread out of the mouths of women who have dependents?

They have not!—*Rosa H. Harris.*

Pop

HOW ABOUT THIS, K. C.?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The comments of Casey from K. C. (March 17 Vox Pop) anent the New York traffic situation are typical of the psychopathic state of mind prevalent in many Middle-West towns about New York matters. Any one who manages to save his neck from the bedlam of unregulated taxis on downtown streets here would be the last to ridicule New York on that score.

We have evolved traffic lights in Kansas City whereby, believe it or not, even tall long-leggers like the writer find it a Marathon race to cross safely. Old residents like myself get under way while the red light is still on, making a bum's rush for the other side, even though it involves getting nearly annihilated by Kansas motorists who assume our town has a normal American semaphore system instead of one that winks at motorists and frowns on pedestrians. A sort of traffic Janus, one might say.—*Donald P. Beard.*

FOR CORN-FED KIDDIES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Liberty, Bernarr Macfadden, and M. L. Wilson have amply covered the splendid Back-to-the-Land Movement.

Children would gain great value from the effect of this plan. Cities are no place for children and the mothers and fathers are not doing their duty to raise them in a city atmosphere.

The good times that a child of the open spaces experiences are never forgotten. And they meet the problems of life in a sane and natural manner. Whereas I have not seen a city child who has not a distorted and perhaps sordid idea of the facts of life.

From a health standpoint, you have only to walk down a main thoroughfare and see the pale, destructive, and spoiled city children.—*Dorothy Dennis.*

MORE POWER TO GRANDPA!

ROSEDALE, MISS.—Our grandfather is an invalid who has been confined to his bed upstairs for more than a year. He has a cracked old dinner bell that he rings whenever he wants anything, and every Wednesday he starts ringing it as soon as he wakes up for us to bring him the new copy of Liberty. You've probably guessed it already, but I'll tell you anyway that we call it the Liberty Bell.—*Red Sillers.*

A TIP TO LINDY

OMAHA, NEB.—It takes all kinds of people to make a world. And each type is all right in its place. But out of place—it is all wrong. I would like to call attention to three men, namely: Franklin Roosevelt, Babe Ruth, and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

All three are stars in their respective vocations, namely: affairs of state, baseball, and aviation. But suppose Frank got to telling the Babe that his technique was all wrong; that he stood at the plate wrong; that his swing was all wrong. The fans would say that as a ball player he is a darn' good President. Or if the Babe wrote the President telling him his methods were wrong and "un-American" the Babe would get an awful roasting from the right-field bleachers.

And by the same token Lindbergh is a fine fellow—as an aviator. But he will lose a lot of his popularity if he doesn't attend to his own business instead of the President's.—*Lee Zachery.*

SQUELCHING A CCC SQUAWKER

FORT MILLS, P. I.—We always thought a lot of Vox Pop until you ran a letter from a CCC squawking because the captain made them police up a little.

Please, if those babies have to cry, make them take it to some other magazine. We don't want Liberty spoiled. When I got my fifteen-per-cent pay cut I felt I could do a little crying myself. I could do a lot of policing up for the *pesos* that those softies are getting. Yours for less CCC and more Liberty.—*H. F. Maness, Pvt., Battery F, 60th C. A. (AA).*

THELMA'S O. K.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Just a few words of thanks to Erle Stanley Gardner for the best story in years, The Case of the Howling Dog. Too bad he didn't give us the finish of Thelma Benton, instead of leaving her to the reader's imagination.—*Marinius Fossum.*

THE ARMY AIR MAIL, VICE—

BERKELEY, CALIF.—So much has been said casting the blame for the recent army air-mail deaths upon first one and then another, it seems to me strange that the blame hasn't been placed where it actually belongs. Let me give a very pertinent comparison:

A commercial pilot flying for T. W. A., W. A. E., B. A. T., or P. A. A. is seated in a modern airplane within a heated and ventilated cabin. At his side is another qualified pilot to "spell" him at the controls from time to time. In front of the pilots we see installed every instrument known pertaining to aviation and avigation. There is a radio-beacon receiver, both aural and visual; there is a ship-to-ground radio transmitter and receiver. Nothing is left to doubt that science can assure.

On the other hand, the army pilots, traditionally the finest in the country (and I make no apologies for this statement), are flying an obsolete plane, designed for pursuit and attack work during war times. In other words, flying a war machine. The army pilot does not sit in a heated and ventilated cabin, with all the comforts of home. Heated? No! Ventilated? Yes—by the force of winds rushing at tremendous velocities into the open cockpit amid temperatures ranging from 20 degrees to 50 degrees below zero. His instruments are not sufficient, even, for a fighting machine. His radio equipment, if any, is of ancient vintage and entirely impracticable for use in the airways. He has no radio beacon, either aural or visual.

The responsibility should be placed on the shoulders of the pacifists, inspired by communistic propaganda, who either through ignorance or malicious intent lobby the Congress and fight against an adequate national defense. — *Henry Stanley Wilson, 1st Lieut., O. R. C., U. S. A.*

—AND VERSA

SPARKS, NEV.—The American people thought they had an army of crack flyers competent to carry the mail, but recent experiences show that the "pride of the people" has much to learn about flying. President Roosevelt had been advised by Major General B. D. Foulois, chief of the air corps, that the army could fly the mail. To the disappointment of all, the army fell down on the job.

True, weather conditions were against them; but if our flyers cannot carry the mail over a designated route, unfamiliar as it may be, over long distances in all kinds of weather and flying conditions without the added hazards of war, of what use would they be in case of national defense? War is not a respecter of time, weather, nor place.

Unfortunate as the whole affair has been, it has brought to light the weakness of our air defense.—*C. M. Sheetz.*

IT DESERVES EVERYBODY'S SUPPORT

GLENDALE, CALIF.—We've switched to Liberty because you're supporting the NRA.—*Glendale Citizens.*

MORE ABOUT THE MOUNTIES

SCOTIA, N. Y.—With reference to the letter signed An American Girl, who put one over on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, allow me to say that she did not offer proof that she was not recognized. Possibly, after one very hasty glance, a "mountie" would decide it to be a masquerade hangover.

When a girl of eighteen can pass muster as a boy, then she's certainly no Mae West. I've always understood that the duty of the R. C. M. P. was to keep law and order, and not particularly to fill up the asylums with harmless beings.

Even had they detected the disguise, the worst they would likely have done would be to arrest her for disturbing the peace with the rattle in her head. Oh, dear!—*A Canadian.*

UP ON YOUR TOES, BEVERLY!

RICHLAND, TEX.—Please give me your opinion of the motion picture The Birth of a Nation. And don't you consider Theda Bara a bit upsetting to the growing mind?

Seriously, pal, Beverly is good. That's what is so irritating, for I'd take her (or his) advice if I could. Yes; accurate—but stale. In your March 31 issue there is reviewed Carolina. It was shown near here three weeks ago.

I am ten miles from a metropolis of perhaps 9,000 with one first-run picture house. Beverly Hills must reside in Alaska.—*J. C. McArthur.*

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

A SUBSTANTIAL AWARD IS YOURS TO WIN!

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY TODAY—YOUR CHANCE FOR SUCCESS IS EXCELLENT!

THE Patriotic Game of States! Are you in it? Even if you have not started, there is still time to catch up with the field and win one of the 333 cash prizes. First read the rules carefully. They provide complete instructions. Then identify and give the boundaries of this week's four states. Do not send them in now. Wait until you have a complete set of forty-eight. See the late entry instructions at the bottom of the page.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each $10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each $5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	$3,000

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 4

Iron, copper, and coal make this state the center of a tremendous industry. In ratio to its area it has more water boundaries than any other state.

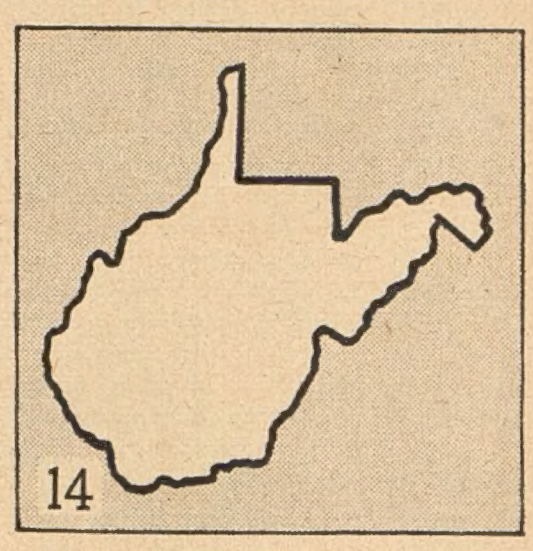
Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....



Before 1863 part of the state now to its east and south, and rich in timber and minerals, this state is the second largest producer of hardwood in the Union.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

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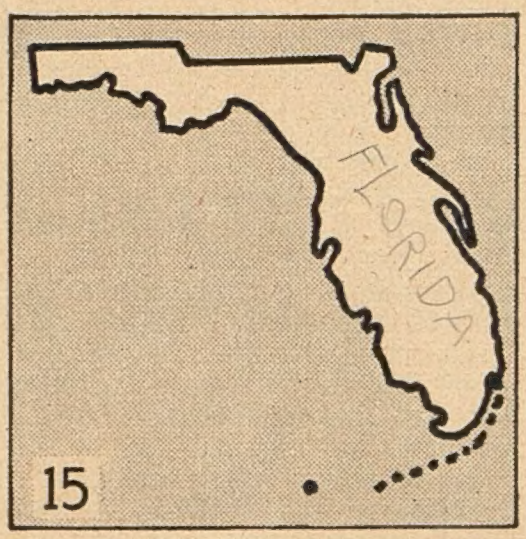

Bounded on the north by a state named for a king, this state was discovered on Easter Sunday 421 years ago. Salt water on its east, west, and south.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

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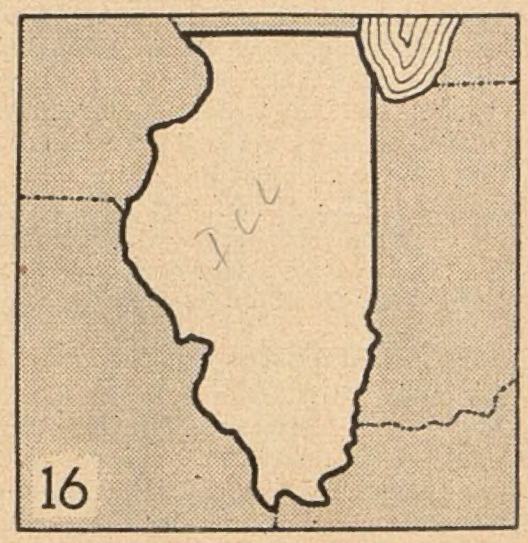

This Corn Belt state is bounded on the west by one of the world's longest rivers. At one corner it touches a large body of fresh water.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....

LATE ENTRY INFORMATION

If you have solved this week's states but need the first three sets to bring your entry up to date, they will be mailed to you without charge upon written request. Your set can then be completed to date.

Address Late Entry Service, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. State the numbers of the sets you need. They will be mailed to you without delay.

They said HE was *"impractical"*

He preached a Gospel which men called too idealistic.

He said: "Love your enemies."

Practical men have scoffed at His teaching. They have said:

"In a competitive world you must be armed to fight your enemies. That is the safe way, the inexpensive way."

Practical men made and ran the World War.

Do you know how much the World War cost?

Its total cost to all participants was equivalent to $20,000 *for every hour since Jesus of Nazareth was born.*

The next war will be far more costly. It will probably result in the wreck of civilization.

Practical men have had their way for many generations.

It would be worth while to try HIS way.

It couldn't be *more* expensive.

This advertisement, written by Bruce Barton, painted by Howard Giles, and presented here through the co-operation of LIBERTY and the courtesy of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE, is the first exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war; a campaign which Henry Ewald has called "a bold, practical plan which dwarfs all former use of advertising." Co-operation to develop this campaign into a persistent, extensive, efficient drive for Peace is invited [illegible]ld Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

THE choicest Virginia, Burley and Turkish tobaccos, blended in exactly the right proportions, give Winchesters their matchless flavour—that's the answer to Winchesters' popularity with those who ask more of a cigarette than just a smoke.

Winchester
CIGARETTES

Blended Right!

SAVE THE POKER HANDS